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The Female Spectator

Being selections from Mrs. Eliza Heywood's periodical (1744-1746)

chosen and edited by

MARY PRIESTLEY

With an Introduction by J. B. Priestley
and Decorations by Constance Rowlands

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Introduction

NEARLY two centuries have gone by since Eliza Heywood, having tried her hand at many things—acting, adapting plays, novel writing—decided to become an Addison in petticoats and bring out a *Female Spectator*. It was the second attempt to produce a periodical for women, but the first to be actually written by a woman. You may regard it as the ancestress of all those women's magazines we have to-day, from the gorgeous and expensive productions that have advertising revenues worth a king's ransom, down to the humble little collections of cookery recipes, coupons for paper patterns, and stories called "Only a Shop Girl!" And, like an ancestress, it is of course wildly different from anything we know now.

Consider the introductory paragraphs, which the editor of this entertaining selection has very wisely retained. Mrs. Heywood begins her campaign as follows:

> Reading is universally allowed to be one of the most improving, as well as agreeable amusements; but then to render it so, one should, among the number of books which are perpetually issuing from the press, endeavour to single out such as promise to be most conducive to those ends . . .

a choke-pear of a sentence. It is astonishing to reflect that the author of those ponderous phrases was gener-

ally held to be a lady who was no better than she ought to be, one of a fast set. Instead of tripping on to the scene, this *Female Spectator* comes lumbering up like a pantechnicon. However, what she does next is what nearly every editor of a new periodical does to this day. She presents to us her assistants and contributors. Here, though, the likeness ends. We are not promised tales by the well-known novelist, Miss Smith, and articles from the brilliant pen of Mrs. Brown, as we should be to-day. No, we are merely given a glimpse of three mysterious graces:

> *Mira*, a lady descended from a family to which wit seems hereditary, married to a gentleman every way worthy of so excellent a wife, and with whom she lives in so perfect a harmony, that having nothing to ruffle the composure of her soul, or disturb those sparkling ideas she received from nature and education, left me no room for doubt if what she favoured me with would be acceptable to the public. The *next* is a widow of quality who, not having buried her vivacity in the tomb of her lord, continues to make one in all the modish diversions of the times, so far, I mean, as she finds them consistent with innocence and honour; and as she is far from having the least austerity in her behaviour, nor is rigid to the failings she is wholly free from herself, those of her acquaintance, who had been less circumspect, scruple not to make her a confidante of secrets they conceal from all the world beside. The *third* is the daughter of a wealthy merchant, charming as an angel, but endued with

> so many accomplishments, that to those who know her truly, her beauty is the least distinguished part of her. This fine young creature I shall call *Euphrosine*, since she has all the cheerfulness and sweetness ascribed to that goddess. . . .

So there they are, the staff: the sparkling Mira, the modish widow of quality, and the beautiful Euphrosine. And these ladies are to be assisted, we learn, by a small army of "spies," who have been posted at Tunbridge, Bath, all the spas, and even in "France, Rome, Germany, and other foreign parts." And—alas!—we are not convinced. We do not believe in Mira, the widow, and Euphrosine, and still less do we believe in the spies. For my part, I am certain that poor Mrs. Heywood wrote every bit of her *Female Spectator* herself, scribbled away and pocketed what profits there were, without a single assistant ever coming near her.

Incidentally, this failure to convince us throws a light on what is, to my mind, the greatest weakness of eighteenth-century writing in general. These Miras and Euphrosines, and the Amintas and Erminias that appear later, never suggest real people to us. What we read about most of them never suggests anything that happens in this real world. The reason is that the writing is all so abstract. It lacks the concrete touch. It makes the least possible use of facts. Everything in it seems to have been seen through dull thick glass, draining away all colour, blurring all edges. It is not a single alert mind that appears to be reporting anything, but a tedious committee. Only the greatest men of letters,

a Steele or a Goldsmith, a Fielding or a Sterne, were able to escape from this dreary abstract way of writing. There were over two hundred papers of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* type published during the eighteenth century, and it seems astonishing at first to think how little of all this vast journalistic activity has survived. But when we venture into that wilderness of moral reflection and anecdotes composed in thundering polysyllables, where there is hardly a touch of colour, an exact shape, a significant fact, we are surprised no longer. Mrs. Heywood's empty pomp and ceremony of phrase, her subjects being what they were, provides good entertainment. Yet it is a pity she was such a child of her age. If she had broken away from that abstract style, we might have believed her. If she had told us that her *Mira* was five feet two and the wittiest woman in Hammersmith, that her widow of quality could drink her dish of tea in the house of fifteen peers and thirty-four baronets, and that her Euphrosine had the bluest eyes ever seen in Cheapside; then, I fancy, we would never have dared to hint that these creatures never existed. So much by the way. We must return to the main theme.

At first, there seems to be nothing in this *Female Spectator* that even suggests the woman's journalism of to-day. Here are no serial stories, no bright articles on "A Home or a Career?", no society gossip, no medical advice, no household hints. It is true that there are answers to correspondents, and it is obvious that the practice of inventing correspondents in order to be able to supply answers was already well known two hundred years ago. There are stories—of a kind. We

are introduced to nature study—or natural philosophy —and it is treated in such a fashion that the dignity of snails, the engendering of butterflies, soon leads us to contemplate with solemn satisfaction the power and wisdom of the divine. This, however, is a contribution from a gentleman, one of the sterner sex. Once we are startled by a reference to flying machines, which the editress dismisses as something in a wild dream, indeed a blasphemous dream. It all seems worlds away from the journalism of our own time.

Yet when we have done amusing ourselves with the difference, we can then amuse ourselves by noting some fundamental likenesses. The space allotted to sexual matters is comparatively about the same. Love is the great theme, in spite of the dignity of snails or the impossibility of flying machines. Most of the stories might be called warnings, though in some journalistic circles now they would be called " terrible revelations." The reader of these stories gets it both ways, as ever: she enjoys some good spicy reading, following the scarlet and primrose path of the wicked, and then she is also able to enjoy the glow of outraged virtue, of righteous indignation. It is said that we cannot have our cake and eat it, but in this business of scandal, we actually do, and that is why scandal-mongering, in and out of print, has always been so popular. Mrs. Heywood may have been a pompous writer, but as an editor she worked on sound lines.

There are, of course, differences even here. The *Female Spectator*, like the eighteenth century in general, was far more concerned than we are with that wolf in the fold of female chastity, the Seducer. (It is worth

remembering that Richardson's novels, those epics of elaborate seduction, were contemporary with this periodical.) The ensnaring of innocent maidens, frequently a very long and (to our minds) tedious business, appears to have been almost the chief pastime of the eighteenth-century gentleman, the one to which he devoted most of his time, energy, skill and patience. This fact is not really a tribute to the beauty and initial virtue of the eighteenth-century maidens. It is explained, I fancy, by the lack of resources for the idle man of that century. With no golf, no bridge, no cars, these gentlemen had to pass the day somehow, and if they did not care for hunting, drinking, politics or literature, they had to go seducing out of sheer boredom. And I suspect they were careful, like good sportsmen, to choose the most difficult subjects, so that the end would not come too quickly. Mrs. Heywood offers us some good specimens of the Seducer, but of course she does not understand them. She thinks it is a question of unbridled desire, and does not see that these long pursuits and elaborate stratagems argue an intellectual interest.

Marriage is as important a topic in the *Female Spectator* as it is in the latest woman's magazine. There is not a little about sex equality. I call your attention to the letter from Cleora, which begins:

> Ladies,
>
> Permit me to thank you for the kind and generous task you have undertaken in endeavouring to improve the minds and manners of our unthinking sex. It is the noblest act of charity you could exercise

> in an age like ours, where the sense of good and evil is almost extinguished, and people desire to appear more vicious than they really are, that so they may be less unfashionable. This humour, which is too prevalent in the female sex, is the true occasion of the many evils and dangers with which they are daily exposed. . . .

Oddly enough, this is how people are talking now. Cleora's wildest dreams have come true; there are women in the colleges, the hospitals, the law courts, the counting-houses; nothing is denied the sex, from Aristotle to the airplane, from vermouth to the vote; and yet, somehow, this is still the age in which "the sense of good and evil is almost extinguished, and people appear more vicious than they really are." Cleora cries:

> O! would too imperious and too tenacious man be so just to the world as to be more careful of the education of those females to whom they are parents or guardians! Would they convince them in their infancy that dress and show are not the essentials of a fine lady, and that true beauty is seated in the mind; how soon should we see our sex retrieve the many virtues which false taste has buried in oblivion!

It has all come to pass, Cleora. Man is imperious and tenacious no longer. He is rapidly becoming thankful for small mercies. Your sex is now completely emancipated, and of course has long lost any lingering taste

for dress and show. Poor Cleora! she not only missed Girton but also the shining windows of Oxford Street and Regent Street.

They were grumbling then as we grumble now. We do not think of tennis and cricket in connection with the days of the '45. Yet here they are, and moreover, here they are, as ever, in their decadence. It is the same old cry. Not only are the girls not what they were, but sport is not what it was. It is incredible, but here it is:

> To hurl the *tennis ball*, or play a match at *cricket*, are certainly robust and manly exercises. They were originally invented to try and preserve strength and activity, and to keep those of our youth, who were not born to meaner labours, from idleness and effeminacy. The playing at the latter also, county against county, was designed to inspire a noble emulation to excel each other in those feats, which might render them more ready to serve their king and country, when the defence of either required them to take up arms. No mercenary views had any share in the institution of these games. Honour was the only excitement, applause the only end proposed by each bold attemptor. These, alas! of later days, are but empty names; a thousand pounds has more real charm than any that are to be found in glory. Gain, sordid gain, is all that engrosses the heart, and adds transport to success. . . .

Ah, these later days! Cricket and tennis were long past their golden age at a time when we thought few

people knew anything about them. It is very saddening.

This is not a sad book, however. It is a book to smile over, and then to read aloud at odd times. I happen to know the editor of these selections very well, and so I feel I cannot say all that I should like to say in praise of her labours. But as I do not know the artist at all, I can at least add that the drawings are splendid. Mrs. Heywood would be astonished to discover how pretty and charming her times look to us, at this distance, and perhaps she will forgive us if, from her arbour or study in the shades, she catches a glimpse of us, strange people far below, smiling over her solemn editorials, newly rescued from the dust.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Preface

THE FEMALE SPECTATOR was the first woman's periodical written by a woman. The author or editor (for a staff is mentioned) was Mrs. Eliza Heywood, who was probably born in 1693 and who certainly died in 1756. She was the daughter of a London tradesman named Fowler. Nothing is known of her husband Heywood save that he deserted her and her two children and left her to support herself. She first turned to the stage and appeared in a Dublin theatre, but she soon went to London and became a literary woman. She wrote many sprightly novels, rewrote a few plays for the theatre, brought out several pamphlets and even became a publisher for a short time.

The Female Spectator is one of the hundred odd imitations that were published between 1709 and 1750 of Steele and Addison's *Spectator*. It came out as a monthly in 1744 and had a short life of two years, afterwards appearing in four volumes which ran into seven editions. The last edition appeared in 1771. The present selection has been taken from the second edition of 1748.

M. P.

THE FEMALE SPECTATOR

The Female Spectator

EADING is universally allowed to be one of the most improving, as well as agreeable amusements; but then to render it so, one should, among the number of books which are perpetually issuing from the press, endeavour to single out such as promise to be most conducive to those ends. In order to be as little deceived as possible, I, for my own part, love to get as well acquainted as I can with an author, before I run the risk of losing my time in perusing his work; and, as I doubt not but most people are of this way of thinking, I shall, in imitation of my learned brother of ever precious memory, give some account of what I am, and those concerned with me in this undertaking. And here I promise, that in the pictures I shall give of myself and associates, I will draw no flattering lines, assume no perfection that we are not in reality possessed of, nor attempt to shadow over any defect with an artificial gloss.

As a proof of my sincerity, I shall, in the first place, assure him, that for my own part I never was a beauty, and am now very far from being young (a confession he will find few of my sex ready to make). I shall also acknowledge that I have run through as many scenes of vanity and folly as the greatest coquet of them all. Dress, equipage, and flattery were the idols of my

heart. I should have thought that day lost which did not present me with some new opportunity of showing myself. My life, for some years, was a continued round of what I then called pleasure, and my whole time engrossed by a hurry of promiscuous diversions. But whatever inconveniences such a manner of conduct has brought upon myself, I have this consolation; to think that the public may reap some benefit from it. The company I kept was not, indeed, always so well chosen as it ought to have been, for the sake of my own interest or education; but them it was general, and by consequence furnished me, not only with a knowledge of many occurrences, which otherwise I had been ignorant of, but also enabled me, when the too great vivacity of my nature became tempered with reflection, to see into the secret springs which gave rise to the actions I had either heard or been witness of, to judge of the various passions of the human mind and distinguish those imperceptible degrees by which they become matters of the heart, and attain the dominion over reason.

I commenced author, by setting down many things, which being pleasing to myself, I imagined would be so to others; but on examining them the next day, I found an infinite deficiency both in matter and style, and that there was an absolute necessity for me to call in to my assistance such of my acquaintance as were qualified for that purpose. The *first* that occurred to me, I shall distinguish by the name of *Mira*, a lady descended from a family to which wit seems hereditary, married to a gentleman every way worthy of so excellent a wife, and with whom she lives in so perfect a harmony, that having nothing to ruffle the composure of her soul,

or disturb those sparkling ideas she received from nature and education, left me no room for doubt if what she favoured me with would be acceptable to the public. The *next* is a widow of quality who, not having buried her vivacity in the tomb of her lord, continues to make one in all the modish diversions of the times; so far, I mean, as she finds them consistent with innocence and honour; and as she is far from having the least austerity in her behaviour, nor is rigid to the failings she is wholly free from herself, those of her acquaintance, who had been less circumspect, scruple not to make her a confidante of secrets they conceal from all the world beside. The *third* is the daughter of a wealthy merchant, charming as an angel, but endued with so many accomplishments, that to those who know her truly, her beauty is the least distinguished part of her. This fine young creature I shall call *Euphrosine*, since she has all the cheerfulness and sweetness ascribed to that goddess.

These *three* approved my design, assured me of all the help they could afford, and soon gave a proof of it in bringing their several essays; but as the reader, provided the entertainment be agreeable, will not be interested from which quarter it comes, whatever productions I shall be favoured with from these ladies, or any others I may hereafter correspond with, will be exhibited under the general title of *The Female Spectator*.

It is also highly proper I should acquaint the town, that to secure an eternal fund of intelligence, spies are placed, not only in all the places of resort in and about this great metropolis, but at *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, and the *Spaw*, and means found out to extend my speculations even as far as *France*, *Rome*, *Germany*, and other foreign

parts, so that nothing curious or worthy of remark can escape me; and this I look upon to be a more effectual way of penetrating into the mysteries of the alcove, the cabinet, or field, than if I had the power of invisibility, or could with a wish transport myself wherever I please, since with the aid of those supernatural gifts, I could still be in no more than one place at a time; whereas now, by tumbling over a few papers from my emissaries, I have all the secrets of *Europe*, at least such of them as are proper to my purpose, laid open at one view.

And now, having said as much as I think needful of this undertaking, I shall, without being either too greatly confident, or too anxious for the success, submit it to the public censure.

An Ugly Accident occasioned by a Ram

BELIEVE that if the ladies would retrench a yard or two of those extended hoops they now wear, they would be much less liable to many embarassments one frequently beholds them in walking the streets. How often do the angular corners of such immense machines, as we sometimes see, though held up almost to the armpits, catch hold of those little poles that support the numerous stalls with which this populous city abounds, and throw down, or at least endanger the whole fabric, to the great damage of the fruiterer, fishmonger, comb and buckle sellers and others of these small chapmen.

Many very ugly accidents of this kind have lately happened, but I was an eye witness from my window of one which may serve as a warning to my sex either to take chair or coach or to leave their enormous hoops at home, whenever they have occasion to go out on a Monday or Friday, especially in the morning.

It was on the former of those unhappy days, that a young creature, who, I dare answer, had no occasion to leave anyone at home to look after her best cloathes, came tripping by with one of those mischief-making hoops, which spread itself from the steps of my door quite to the posts placed to keep off the coaches and carts. A large flock of sheep were that instant driving

to the slaughter house, and an old ram, who was the foremost, being put out of his way by some accident, ran full-butt into the footway, where his horns were immediately entangled in the hoop of this fine lady, as she was holding it up on one side, as the genteel fashion is, and as the make of it requires. In her fright she let it fall down, which still more encumbered him, as it

fixed upon his neck. She attempted to run, he to disengage himself, which neither of them were able to do. She shrieked, he baa'd, the rest of the sheep echoed the cry, and the dog who followed the flock barked so that all together made a most hideous sound. Down fell the lady, unable to sustain the forcible efforts the ram made to obtain his liberty. A crowd of mob, who were gathered in an instant, shouted. At last the driver, who was at a good distance behind, came up and assisted in setting free his beast and raising the lady; but never was finery so demolished. The late rains had made the place so excessive dirty, that her gown and petticoat, which before were yellow, the colour so revered in *Hanover*, and so much the mode in *England* at present,

were now most barbarously painted with a filthy brown; her gauze cap, half off her head in the scuffle, and her *tête de mouton* hanging down on one shoulder. The rude populace, instead of pitying, insulted her misfortune, and continued their shouts till she got into a chair and was quite out of sight.

Peace, a Promoter of Finikins

REMEMBER, some years ago I heard a lady say, she imagined it was owing to our long peace, that every public place abounded so with coxcombs, and finikins; and that if we once came to have a war again, a more manly air and dress would be so much the fashion that those gentlemen who stayed at home would naturally affect it, and exchange their foreign silk brocades for downright *English* cloth. Some accidents in life have since that time broke off our acquaintance, it would else have given me some pleasure to rally her mistake. We are now engaged in three wars, threatened with invasions, popish pretenders, plots, and what not! Great fleets are equipping; huge armaments getting ready; pressing for land and sea service; our fields are covered with tents; our streets swarm with soldiers; in every quarter we hear drums beating, trumpets sounding, nothing but military preparations going forward; yet, in my opinion, our fine gentlemen appear every whit as clean, as calm, and unconcerned as ever, except

when they labour under the want of any of those commodities the interruption of our commerce prevents from being imported; and then indeed they complain bitterly against the times. One who can endure no cloathes that are not of the *French* cut, cries, he is made a monster by a dunce of an *English* taylor: another is poisoned with ill scents and dies for some fresh orangerie and bergamot. A third says pax on the Spanish war and those who forced our late minister into it; there is not a bit of right vermillion paste now to be had!

Rebecca Facemend, her bill

A PERSON who has had great dealings with the *beau monde*, and has lately been obliged to deliver up her books, on account of a statute of bankruptcy awarded against her, one of the assignees, who happened to be a particular acquaintance of mine, took the pains to transcribe, as a great curiosity, the copy of a bill owing to her from a gentleman now in the army, and made me a present of it. As I am convinced all the items in it are genuine, it afforded me a great deal of diversion, and I believe will not be unacceptable to the public.

Cornet Lovely, debtor to *Rebecca Facemend*

June 6, 1743.

For a riding mask to prevent sunburn	1	1	0
For a night mask to take away freckles	1	1	0
For six pounds of Jessamin butter for the hair	6	6	0
For twelve pots of cold cream	1	10	0
For four bottles of Benjamin water	1	0	0
For thirty pounds of perfumed powder	1	10	0
For three boxes of tooth powder		15	0
For a sponge tooth-brush		2	6
For a hair tooth-brush		1	0
For six bottles of perfumed mouth water	1	4	0
For a silver comb for the eyebrows		5	0
For two ounces of jet powder for ditto		18	0
For four boxes of fine lip-salve	1	0	0
For an ounce of best Carmine	3	0	0
For six bottles of orange-flower-water	1	10	0
For twelve pounds of almond paste	6	6	0
For two pounds of Bergamot snuff	8	0	0
For three bottles of essence ditto	1	10	0
For six pair of dog-skin gloves	1	10	0
//			
Total	38	9	6

Such was the ammunition this doughty hero, it seems, took with him; the loss of which, had it happened to have fallen into the enemy's hands, would probably have given him more concern than routing of the whole army, provided his own dear person had escaped without a scar.

Effeminacy in the Army

FREQUENT campaigns, however, it is to be hoped, will wear this effeminacy off, and the example of others teach such new-fledged warriors, that if they would soar to glory, they must entirely throw aside all the softening luxuries of their silken youth.

Not that there is any necessity that a man must be a *sloven*, because he is a *soldier*, and neglect all the decencies of life to prove his attachment to his profession; there is an affectation in this also, as well as the other; and I should say that that officer who, when he might have a good tent to defend him from the weather, chose to lie on the bare earth, exposed to all the inclemencies of the air, had an equal share of vanity with him who had his pavilion hung with velvet and embroidery. To endure all the toils and hardships of the field with patience and intrepidity, to be fearless of danger when the duties of his post commanded, is highly laudable and emulative; but to run into them without a call, and when bravery can be of no service is altogether idle; and courage like all other virtues, degenerates into a vice by being carried to an extreme.

But I am most of all concerned when I hear a man, having done a gallant action in the field, is so far puffed up with it, that he looks upon himself as a little deity, and that he may, in consideration of having been able to fulfill his duty in one point, dispense with all other obligations.

Amaranthus, his Passion for Aminta

SOME time before the opening of the last campaign, *Amaranthus*, a brave young officer, made his addresses to *Aminta*. His passion had all the effect he wished it should have on her tender heart; she either had too much confidence in his honour, or too little artifice to conceal the sentiments he had inspired her with. He was ravished at the discovery, swore never to be but hers, and there passed between them a solemn promise of marriage on his return from *Germany*, for which place it was expected his regiment would have orders speedily to embark.

At length the fatal hour of separation arrived, accompanied with all those agonies, which none but those who love are able to conceive; glory, which till now had been the darling idol of *Amaranthus's* soul, lost all its charms since it tore him from the society of *Aminta*. The cruel necessity, however, must be submitted to. Tears, sighs, embraces, and mutual protestations of everlasting constancy completed the tender but melancholy farewell. After his departure she passed the greatest part of her time at the foot of the altar, offering up her vows and prayers for his protection; nor could the entreaties of her dearest friends and companions, prevail on her to partake with them any of those diversions and entertainments her youth had formerly delighted in.

He wrote to her several times before the battle of

Dettingen, in the last of which he acquainted her that they were on the point of leaving *Aschaffenburg* in order to join the forces at *Hannau*, from which place she might expect to hear from him again.

But what became of her, when instead of receiving the joyful intelligence she hoped, of having made the

enemy fly before them without a blow, she heard there had been a terrible rencounter; that great numbers of brave men had fallen on both sides, and that *Amaranthus* was among the number of the slain! It would be vain to go about to describe what it was she felt: her grief and her despair were above all representations.

The wounds which had occasioned the report of his death, were dangerous indeed, but not mortal; and his friends had greater reason to congratulate, than to condole them since the manner in which they were received, purchased him immortal honour.

Aminta heard of his recovery, and the praises which everyone gave to his merit, with a pleasure conformable to the love she had for him; but could not help being a little alarmed when she found he had wrote to others, and she who flattered herself with being the first to whom he would employ his pen, had received not the least line from him since the battle. Her tenderness invented excuses for him, and chose to impute his silence to any cause, rather than neglect. In this manner did she beguile despair till his return; and though she resolved to accuse him, doubted not that he would give such reasons for his seeming unkindness, that she would be obliged to ask his pardon for having been unjust enough to suspect him.

Far was she from being truly unhappy, till after she was informed of his arrival; and several days passed over without either seeing or receiving any letters from him. This was, indeed, what all her loving tenderness wanted ingenuity to account for, and she was now compelled even in spite of herself, to think him ungrateful and perfidious. At last she wrote, reproached him with the alteration in his behaviour, yet mingled her upbraidings with so much sweetness, as shewed her ready to forgive, whenever he came to entreat it.

To this he returned an answer extremely complaisant, but far from anything that expressed the ardour of a lover; excused himself by the hurry of his affairs, for having not yet been able to wait upon her; but assured her, he would not fail to pay his respects the first leisure hour. She must have been the dullest and most infatuated of her sex, had she not now seen she had entirely lost a heart she thought herself so secure of,

and had so much gloried in: rage and grief had alternately the possession of her soul.

Having waited his expected visit longer indeed than is ordinarily consistent with the impatience of a lover, and finding he came not, she wrote a second time, conjuring him not to let her languish in this uncertainty, and told him, that she only begged to know from his own mouth, her fate, and after that would never ask to see him more.

This pressing mandate he complied with: the fashion in which she received him may easily be guessed at, by what has been said of the violence of her affection; but the excessive coldness and distant air of his replies to all she said, could not be expressed even by her, who was the witness of it; but the sum of what he gave her to understand was, that he was convinced a tender intercourse with the ladies took up too much of a soldier's mind, and that he had made a resolution to employ all his in the duties of his function; he told her, that were he in any other situation, or could think it compatible with that pursuit of fame he was engaged in, to continue an amorous correspondence, *Aminta* should have the preference of all her sex; but as he was circumstanced, he flattered himself her good sense would induce her to pardon this change of temper in him, since his zeal for the service of his king and country was the only rival which had occasioned it.

It must be acknowledged he deceived her not in this last article; for, in fact, the promotion he had acquired, the applause of the whole army, the praise bestowed on him by the general, and the compliments made him by ladies of the first quality at his return, on account of his

behaviour at *Dettingen*, have so much elated him, that he is no longer the same person; his once soft beseeching air is now converted into one all reserved and haughty; a scornful toss of the head, a careless fling of the arms; eyes that seem intent rather on things within himself than anything he can find without. *Aminta* had the less to mortify her as it was not because of the superior

beauty of any other had supplanted her in his affections, but because he in reality now thought no woman worthy of the serious passion of a man like himself.

She was, notwithstanding, utterly unable to support the shock, and no sooner found his heart was irrecoverable, than despising all other conquests, though she had youth, beauty and fortune enough to make many, retired to a lone country house where she endeavours among rural pleasures to forget those of the great world, and in the melody of the sweet inhabitants of the woods

and groves, lose the memory of that voice by which she was undone.

However some people may approve this action in *Amaranthus*, I cannot help thinking there is more of the *savage* than the *true hero* in it.

Masquerades, How Prejudicial

NATURE is in itself abhorrent of vice; but the ingenious contrivers of some of our modish entertainers, have found such ways to take off the deformity, that there requires a more strong discernment than youth will ordinarily admit of, to distinguish it from innocence. The glitter with which it is adorned strikes the eye at a distance, and you perceive not the spirit within, till, by too near an approach, you are in danger of being infected with its venom. It was not in diversions such as our modern *masquerades* in winter, and *ridottos al fresco* in summer, that our ancestors passed their evenings; both which, agreeable as they may seem for the present to the *senses*, have often given source to the most bitter agonies in the *reflecting mind*. They appear to me as a daring attempt to invert the very order of nature, especially the former which begins at those hours when recreations ought to cease, and encroaches on the time we should be preparing for that repose the mind and body stand in need of.

The Innocent Stratagem of a Husband

An acquaintance of mine, who is accounted a very good husband, and in effect is so, took somewhat an extraordinary method to cure his wife of a too great passion she had expressed on their first marriage, for going to these nocturnal revels. Notice was no sooner given of a masquerade, than her eyes sparkled with joy, the habit-maker was immediately sent for, and nothing was either talked or thought on, but the dress she should wear on the approaching happy night. Not but what he was convinced her intentions were perfectly innocent, as she never desired to go without him, and even testified an eagerness that he would participate of a pleasure which had so many charms for herself: but he was a man who knew the town, and the dangers to which many women had been exposed in these assemblies; besides, the expense was what he could by no means relish, and fearing to draw on himself the character of a churlish, or a jealous husband if he gave either of these reasons for restraining her, he bethought himself of a stratagem which should render her avoiding going for the future entirely her own act and deed.

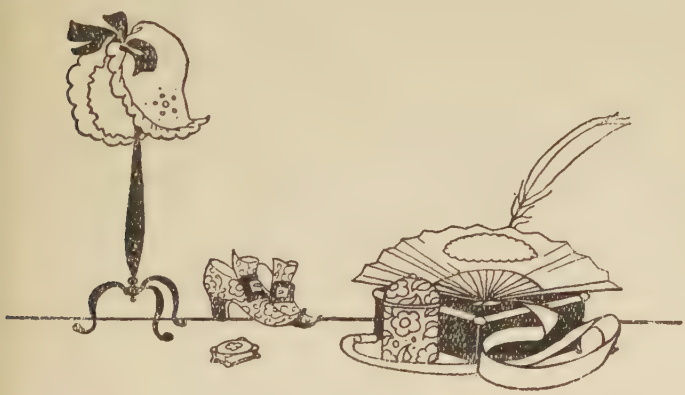
He caused, unknown to her, one of his intimate friends to put on a habit so exactly the same with what he wore himself, that being of a pretty equal stature, they could not be distinguished from each other when the masks were on. This gentleman, in the midst of a dance, slipped into the husband's place, who immediately

withdrew and absconded till the ball was over. The poor lady, little suspecting the deception, kept close to her supposed spouse the whole time, and when the company broke up, was put by him into a hackney coach, which had orders to drive to a tavern in *Pall Mall*. She was a little surprised at finding where she was; but thinking it a whim of him, whom it was her duty to comply with, suffered herself to be conducted into a room, where he, plucking off his mask, the sight his face, and his desiring she would do the same, with some expressions not very becoming the person she had taken him for, so alarmed and terrified her that she gave a great shriek. The husband, who had followed them in another coach, came in that moment and found her ringing the bell, calling for the people of the house and for a chair, the gentleman struggling with her and endeavouring all he could to prevail on her to unmask. He so well acted his part that the person who employed him was highly diverted, and had suffered the farce to go on some time longer, had not the excessive fright his wife was in obliged him to put an end to it, which he did by plucking off his vizard and, taking her in his arms, conjured her to compose herself; this accident, said he, might have proved of ill consequence indeed had it not happened with my particular friend. I saw and followed you with a resolution to avenge the affront I imagined offered to me; I am now convinced it was all a mistake on his side, as well as yours. See here, continued he, taking off his wife's mask, who it is you have gallanted and were about to be so free with.

The gentleman affected to start and be very much amazed and ashamed of what he had done, begged his

friend's pardon and the lady's, who he said he accosted, as thinking her a fine woman, and meeting with no manner of repulse, but on the contrary, that she was very desirous of keeping as near to him as possible; and shunning all other conversation, he had all the reason in the world to flatter himself she would be no less satisfied with his company in another place. But, said he, I now perceive that the likeness of habits deceived her, and that while I was gaining a mistress, she doubted not but she was following a husband. This adventure occasioned a good deal of merriment among them, but it had all the effect my friend wished it should have on his wife, and she resolved never more to set her foot within a place where virtue and reputation were liable to such hazards.

But of all who ever suffered by their curiosity, or attachment to this dangerous diversion, the case of the innocent *Erminia* was most truly pitiable.



Erminia, How Ruined

THIS young lady and her brother were the only issue of a very happy marriage, and both shared equally the tenderness of their indulgent parents. They were educated in the strictest rudiments of piety and virtue, and had something inately good in their dispositions as made the practice of those duties, which to others seemed most severe, to them a pleasure. The family lived in the country, and came not to *London* but once in two or three years, and then stayed for a short time till, the young gentleman having finished his studies at *Cambridge*, it was thought proper he should see more of the world than he could possibly do in that retired part. But fearing he should fall into the vices of the age, in case he were left too much to himself, they resolved on removing to town in order to have him still under their own eye.

Accordingly a house was taken in a certain square, and the whole family came up, and, not to seem particular, were obliged to live after the manner people do in town; *Erminia* was not now above sixteen and (as all new faces are if tolerably handsome) was extremely taken notice of, yet was not her young heart puffed up with the least pride or vanity.

Soon after their arrival winter came on, and wherever either she or her brother went, nothing was talked on but the masquerade; neither of them had ever seen one,

and the eagerness they observed in others excited a curiosity in them. Their parents would not oppose the inclination they expressed, and consented they should go together, but gave their son the strict charge to be watchful over his sister, and never quit sight of her till he brought her home to them again. Though this was an entertainment unknown in *England* in their gay time of life, and consequently they were strangers to the methods practised at it, yet having heard somewhat of the dangers, they repeated over and over the same injunction to the young gentleman, who assured them he would take the same care as if themselves were present.

Alas! he little knew how impracticable it was to keep his promise. They were no sooner entered than both were bewildered among the promiscuous assembly; the strange habits, the hurry, the confusion quite distracted their attention. They kept close to each other, indeed, for some time, but were soon separated by a crowd that came rushing between them, some accosting the brother, others the sister. Those who talked to them easily found they were strangers to the conversation of the place, and whispering it about, our young country gentry served as butts for the company to level all the arrows of their wit against.

A Blue Domine, the Cause of a sad Mistake

Erminia had lost her brother for a considerable time, and was encompassed by persons of both sexes, whose mode of speech was neither pleasing to her, nor did she

know how to answer; at last, the sight of a *blue domine*, which was the habit he went in, revived her, and she ran to the person who wore it, and catching fast hold of him, Dear Brother, cried she, let us go home, I have been frightened to death by those noisy people yonder. I wonder what pleasure anybody can take in being here.

The person she accosted made no reply; but taking her under the arm, conducted her out as she had desired and went with her into a hackney coach. Little suspecting the accident that had befallen her, she attended not to what orders he gave the coachman; and, glad to find herself out of a place which for her had so few charms, entertained her supposed brother with a repetition of what had been said to her till the coach stopped at the door of a great house: as it was not yet light, she distinguished it not from their own, and innocently jumped out, and was within the entry before she discovered her mistake; but as soon as she did, Bless me, cried she, where have you brought me, brother? She followed him, however, up stairs, where he, pulling off his vizard, discovered a face she had never seen before.

Never was surprise and terror greater than that which now seized the heart of that unfortunate young lady: she wept, she prayed, she conjured him by everything that is called sacred, or worthy of veneration, to suffer her to depart; but he was one to whom, had she been less beautiful, her innocence was a sufficient charm; he satiated, by the most barbarous force, his base inclinations.

The cruel conquest gained, he was at a loss how to dispose of his prey; a thousand times she begged he would complete the villany he had begun, and kill the

wretch he had made; but this was what neither his safety, nor perhaps his principle, wicked as he was, would permit him to do. He easily found she was a girl of condition, and doubted not but she had friends who would revenge the injury he had done her, could they by any means discover the author; he therefore, after having in vain endeavoured to pacify her, and prevail on her to comply with his desires of holding a secret correspondence with him, compelled her to let him bind a handkerchief over her eyes, that she might not be able to describe either the house or street where she was abused; then put her into a hackney coach which he ordered to drive into an obscure dirty lane in the *Strand* near the waterside, where he made her be set down, and immediately drove away with all the speed the horses could make.

She no sooner found herself at liberty, than she plucked the bandage from her eyes, she cast a disconsolate look about, she knew not where she was; but the sight of the water at some little distance from her, tempted her more than once to throw herself into it. The precepts of religion, however, restrained her, and she wandered backwards and forwards, uncertain what to do; at length she came to a more populous place, and seeing a chair, made herself be carried home, though with what agonies of shame and grief is easier to imagine than describe.

Distress of Brother

The young gentleman, her brother, had all this time been in the utmost distraction; he no sooner missed, than he went in search of her round and round the room, and through all the little avenues that led to it; described her habit to the servants and asked if they had seen such a lady; but all his endeavours being fruitless, he ran home flattering himself that missing him, she had gone before. Not finding her there, he flew back again to the *Haymarket*, made a second search, a second enquiry, and that being ineffectual as the first, his grief and his despair was beyond all bounds.

The anxious parents could not think of going to their repose until their dear children were returned in safety. When they now saw him enter with a confused and dejected air, and found their daughter was not with him, they both at once cried out in a transport of mingled rage and grief, where is your sister? what has become of *Erminia*? Do you approach us without her? O sir, cried he, what can I say, my sister is gone, all my care in obeying your commands was vain and I am wholly ignorant how this misfortune happened.

Scarce had he spoke these words when the ruined maid appeared. Father, mother, brother, all ran at once to catch her in their arms, but the shock of returning to them as she now was rendered, worked too powerfully on the weakness of her spirits and she fell into a swoon, in which she continued a long time, though they im-

mediately undressed, put her to bed, and used all proper means for her recovery.

On the return of her senses, she fell into the most lamentable complaints, but could not be prevailed upon, while her father and brother were in the room, to reveal anything of the occasion. Her mother, observing their presence was a restraint, desired them to withdraw; after which, partly by command, and partly by entreaties, but more by mentioning all the evils that her imagination could suggest, at last the whole sad secret was revealed.

Never was so disconsolate a family, and the more so, as they could by no means discover the brutal author of their misfortune. To fill the measure of her woes, a young gentleman arrived in town who long had loved her and had the approbation of her friends, and for whom she also felt all the passion that can inspire a virtuous mind. He had by some business been prevented from accompanying the family in their removal, but was now come full of the hopes of having his desires completed, by a happy marriage with *Erminia*. Melancholy reverse of fate! Instead of being received with open arms, and that cheerful welcome he had been accustomed to, and had reason to expect, the most heavy gloom appeared on all the faces he was permitted to see. *Erminia* no sooner heard of his arrival than she shut herself up in her chamber, and would by no means be prevailed upon to appear before him. To excuse her absence, they told him she was indisposed; but this seemed all pretence, because the freedom with which they had always lived together, might very well allow him the privilege of visiting her in her chamber.

He complained of this alteration in her behaviour and doubted not, at first, but it was occasioned by the preference they gave to some new rival. The true reason, however, could not be kept so much a secret but that it was whispered about, and he soon got a hint of it. How sensible a shock it must give him, may easily be conceived; but he got the better of it, and after a very little reflection went to her father, told him the afflicting news he had heard, but withal assured him that, as his love for Erminia was chiefly founded on her virtue, an act of force could not be esteemed any breach of it, and was still ready to marry her if she would consent.

This generosity charmed the whole family, but Erminia could not think of accepting the offer. The more she found him worthy of her affections in her state of innocence, the less could she support the shame of being his in the condition she now was. She told her parents that she had taken a firm resolution never to marry, and begged their permission to retire to an aunt who was married to an old clergyman, and lived in one of the most remote counties in *England*. Dear as her presence was, they found something so truly noble in her way of thinking that they would not oppose it; and even her lover could not forbare applauding what gave a thousand daggers to his heart. *Erminia* in a short time departed for her country residence. Nothing was ever more mournful than the leave she took of her parents and brother; but not all the entreaties of her lover could prevail on her to see him; she sent him, however, a letter full of the most tender acknowledgements of his love and generosity, and with this he was obliged to be content.

Letter from Philo-Naturæ urging the Study of Nature

To *The Female Spectator*

ADAM, As it is very evident those monthly essays, with which you oblige the public, are calculated for no other end than the improvement of the morals and manners of an age, which stands in the utmost need of so agreeable a monitor, I flatter myself you will pardon my offering you a small hint, whereby they may be rendered yet more effectual for the accomplishment of so laudable an undertaking.

Your predecessor, the never-too-much-admired *Spectator*, used frequently to adapt his lucubrations to the season of the year; and I am of the opinion his thought in it was extremely just, because we are much more sensibly affected with what is said on things which are that moment present to us, than we can be with anything past or to come.

London, madam, is now growing a perfect wilderness. The play, the opera, the masquerade and ball no longer attract the attention of the gay and polite world. Scenes pencilled by heaven's own hand begin in this beauteous month to be displayed, and everyone hastens to partake the charms of a rural life.

These hurrying pleasures that so lately seemed to

monopolise our time, and every busy care, from which the greatest are not wholly exempt, left all behind, what advantages might not the mind receive, amidst that variety of amusements the country affords, did we contemplate nature as we ought!

It is not enough that we behold those fields, meadows and pastures, which but a few months past, appeared a dreary waste, now plentifully stored with food for man and beast. It is not enough that we see those gardens, so lately destitute of every ornament, save only here and there a solitary yew or cyprus that stood nodding over the naked plots, now clad in colours which no art can imitate, and even surpassing the celestial bow; nor that we smelt the odours of ten thousand different flowers gently wafted to us by the ambient air; nor that the taste is gratified with the luscious strawberry, the blushing cherry, the refreshing salad and all those early products of the useful olitory; nor that our ravished ears are from every grove saluted with notes

more melodious than those of *Handel* or *Bononcini*, though warbled through the throats of *Farinelli* or *Curzoni;* nor even is it enough that we have gratitude to acknowledge and be thankful for the blessings which everywhere surround us; there is still a something wanting to render our felicity complete, a something which, though in the gift of heaven, yet as we are furnished with the means of enjoying it in ourselves, it therefore depends wholly on ourselves.

You will easily conceive, madam, I mean the study of *natural philosophy*; but though contemplation on any thing may be called a study in a more or less degree, I would not be thought to recommend to the ladies (for whose use I take your lucubrations to be chiefly intended) that severe and abstruse part which would rob them of any portion of their gaiety. On the contrary, I would not advise them to fill their heads with the propositions of an *Aldrovandus*, a Malbranche, or a Newton. The ideas of those great men are not suited to every capacity; they require a depth of learning, a strength of judgment and a length of time, to be ranged

and digested so as to render them either pleasing or beneficial.

Not that I presume to deny, but that there are some ladies, every way qualified for the most arduous labours of the brain; but then I shall find little forgiveness from my own sex, to persuade those enliveners of society to anything, which would deprive us of their company for any long time.

Worms Somewhat Wonderful

Methinks I would not have them, when the uncommon beauty of any plant strikes the eye, content themselves with admiring its superficial perfections, but pass from thence to the reflection, with what wonderful fertility it is endowed, and what numbers in another season will be produced from its prolific and self-generating seed. Even those worms which appear most despicable in our eyes, if examined into, will excite our admiration, to see how those little creatures' bodies are cased in bodies, how when one form grows withered and decayed, the happy insect has another in reserve, and shaking off the old, appears again in all the freshness and vigour of youth. What would many antiquated beauties give, had they the same power?

Butterflys, how Engendered

Can there be a more agreeable amusement than to observe how those flying insects, which are most pleasing to the eye, spring from such as but a few days past crawled upon the earth? We admire the beauty of

the gawdy butterfly, but reflect not how it rises from the grovelling caterpillar; nor how that worm, having changed its skin several times, takes a different shape, assumes wings painted in that gorgeous manner, and skims over the tops of those tall trees, whose branches he before ascended but with difficulty and length of time.

This, the ladies who keep silk-worms, which are indeed of the same nature, though more useful and beautiful, are no strangers to. They will tell you those pretty creatures, from whose bowels so much finery is derived, after having finished their work, erect themselves little tombs, and then revive in butterflies in order to propagate their species.

But all those curiosities, which are discoverable by the naked eye, are infinitely short of those beyond it. Nature has not given to our sight the power of discerning the wonders of the minute creation; art, therefore, must supply that deficiency. There are microscopes which will show us such magnificent apparel, and such delicate trimming about the smallest insects, as would not disgrace the splendour of a Birthday. The glasses, which afford us so much satisfaction, are as portable as a snuff-box, and I am surprised the ladies do not make more use of them in the little excursions they make, in the fields, meadows and gardens.

As ladies frequently walk out in the country in little troops, if every one of them would take with her a magnifying glass, what a pretty emulation there would be among them to make fresh discoveries! They would doubtless perceive animals which are not to be found in the most accurate volumes of natural philosophy; and

the *Royal Society* might be indebted to every fair *Columbus* for a new world of beings to employ their speculations.

To have their names set down on this occasion, in the memoirs and transactions of that learned body, would be gratifying a laudable ambition and a far greater addition to their charms than the reputation of having been the first in the mode, or even of being the inventress of the most becoming and best fancied trimming or embroidery that ever engrossed the attentions of her own sex, or the admiration of ours.

All this pleasure, this honour, this even deathless fame may be acquired without the least trouble or study. We need but look to be informed of all that books can teach us of this part of natural philosophy; and it must, for that reason, be extremely proper for such of the fair who are too volatile to have patience to go through those tedious volumes, which are requisite to the understanding all other sciences.

In this, one summer is sufficient to make them perfect mistresses, and furnish a stock of beautiful ideas for their whole lives, not but when we must have entertained the desire of knowledge and been in any measure gratified in that desire, it rests not there but extends itself in proportion to the objects that excite it.

Whoever, therefore, has a true taste for the researches I have been speaking of, will never cease their enquiries, because the theme is boundless, and they will still wish to fathom it; so that, whenever the cheering spring begins to call the latent sap forth from the roots of vegetables and kindles the hidden embryo dormant in

its cell into new life, the fair philosopher will be eager to survey the resurrection and see what form will now display itself, and whether the seeming death both plants and insects have passed through, have wrought any transformation in either. In the former, she will find no more than a renovation of that state she saw them in before; but in almost every species of the second, she will find amazing transformations; and how lively an idea this gives, of something yet more demanding consideration, it is easy to conceive.

That, however, I will not take upon me to mention, for fear of rendering the subject too grave; but of itself it will occur and prove to a demonstration that the study of *nature* is the study of *divinity*. None versed in the *one*, I am confident, will act contrary to the principles of the *other*, and that all your fair readers will make the experiment, is the wish of

Madam,

A sincere admirer of your productions,
And consequently your most devoted,
Faithful humble servant,
PHILO-NATURÆ.

Inner Temple,
April 27, 1745.

I believe there are none into whose hands this piece may fall, but will readily join with us in allowing it to be extremely just. Our sex in particular is infinitely obliged to the ingenious author; and I flatter myself there are a great many, will rectify the sense they have of this advice, by putting it in practice. He may at least assure himself of this, that our little society, who have

agreed to pass a few days at a country-seat, belonging to our president, the excellent *Mira*, will not go unfurnished with microscopes and other proper glasses, in order to make those inspections he recommends.

Gratitude sometimes a Vice
The hard Fate of Two Sisters

A GENTLEMAN, in the western parts of *England*, had two daughters at marriage estate, the elder of whom was addressed by a person, whose birth and fortune rendered him more than an equal match; but notwithstanding these advantages, joined to a most graceful form and many great accomplishments of mind, she could not be brought to listen to his courtship with any degree of satisfaction, while her younger sister languished in most ardent passion for him. Her love was of that pure and disinterested kind, that, though by what she felt, she was too well convinced that she never could be happy without a return in kind, yet so much did she prefer his dissatisfaction to her own, that she did him all the good offices in her power with her sister. Their father soon discovered the different inclination of his daughters, and fearing he should never be able to bring the eldest to abate of her aversion, and loath to lose the opportunity of so good a match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the current of the gentleman's affections to the youngest; but all

efforts of that nature were wholly vain. A kind look from the one transported him beyond himself, but the tender glances of the other served only to add to his disquiet. Thus did the beautiful insensible, her hapless sister and despairing lover unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill-fated day put a final period to all uncertainty.

The gentleman had lately bought a little pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for pleasure. To this he invited the two sisters, with several other ladies and gentlemen, who lived near the seaside, in order to give them a regale on board. The weather being calm and clear when they set out, tempted them to sail a considerable distance from shore; when all at once the aspect of the heavens was changed, and from a most serene sky, became clouded and tempestuous. The wind grew every moment higher, and blew so strong against them that in spite of their intention, they were borne still farther out to sea. The storm increasing, the vessel being weak, and, as some say, the mariners unskilful, it bulged against a rock and split at the bottom. The sea came pouring in on all sides, there was but a moment between the accident and the sinking, everyone was in the utmost consternation, the circumstances admitted no time for consideration. All jumped overboard, taking hold of those they were the most anxious to preserve. The gentleman catched the two sisters, one under each arm, and for a while even thus encumbered combatted the waves. His strength failing, there was an absolute necessity to quit his clasp of the one in order to save the other; on which, following the emotions of his gratitude rather than his love, he let go of

the elder of these ladies and swam with the younger till he reached the shore.

One of the sailors, who had none under his protection, saw the distress of her, whom her lover had left floating, and catched hold of her garments just as she was sinking. But destiny forbade success to his endeavours. A billow too large and boisterous for

human skill or strength to cope with, came rolling over them both, and plunged this unfortunate lady, with her intended deliverer, in the immense abyss.

Her lover, who had just eased himself of his burthen, beheld from shore what had befallen her, and not able to survive the shock, turned to the lady he had preserved at the expense of all he valued in life, and with a countenance full of horror and despair, said to her, Madam, I have discharged my debt of gratitude to you for the unsought affection you have for me. I must now obey the calls of love and follow her, whom to outlive would be the worst of hells. With these words, they say, he threw himself with the utmost violence amongst the waves, which immediately swallowed him.

Now it must be owned that the gentleman carried his gratitude to a degree, which the *French* call *outré*—beyond reason, and even beyond nature, and in my opinion was an action too romantic to be recommended as an example for imitation.

Flying-Machines
The Impossibility of their Use

LL that can justly be objected against any arguments made use of to prove the reasonableness of a belief in a plurality of worlds is, that to us, that live in this, it is no manner of concern, since there is not a possibility of travelling to them, or of ever becoming acquainted with the inhabitants.

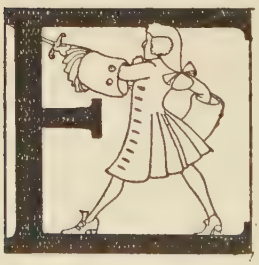
I have, indeed, heard some people foolish enough to maintain, that there would come a time in which the ingenuity of man will invent machines to carry him through the air, with the same ease as we now cross the seas; which, they cry, seemed doubtless as impracticable at first as this does at present.

But those, who talk in this manner, affect to forget who was the first navigator; that God himself directed Noah how to build the ark which was to save the remnant of creation, and also how to steer it, so as not to be swallowed up by those waters, which laid waste everything beside. It cannot, nor ought not to, be denied that the same almighty power could not, if he pleased,

instruct us in the art of flying through the air by some vehicle proper for our conveyance. But then we are to consider that he never works by supernatural means, but when some extraordinary exigence requires it, and without some cause, therefore, at least adequate to that of the deluge, we are not to expect such miracles.

Could the region of air, indeed, afford any shelter from that all devouring fire which, we are told, shall consume the earth, there might be some little shadow of a hope, that the race of man might be preserved a second time by means no less surprising then the first. But of what advantage would it be to us to fly, even though we had the wings of an eagle, or could soar with the king of birds, at a time when the heavens themselves shall be shrivelled up like a parchment, when the sun and moon and stars shall be dissolved, and all become one general conflagration.

Imagination Not to Be Too Much Indulged



EVERYONE knows, that it is the property of a strong and lively imagination to magnify all that is within its reach, which is not only all that is in nature, but even beyond nature. It contents not itself with enhancing the woes it finds, but creates new ones, and such as are even morally impossible should ever come to pass.

It also very frequently happens that, in endeavouring to avoid an *imaginary* ill, we run into a *real* one; and so strong has this self-deception sometimes been, that all the remonstrances made by our friends or by our own reason, have proved ineffectual to erase an impression imprinted on our minds merely by some sudden fancy.

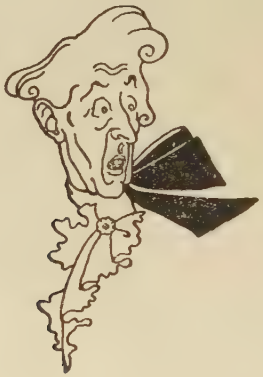
I once heard of a man who, having dreamed his house was on fire, could not be persuaded after he was awake but that it was so. He was certain he smelt smoke, and the fright depriving him of all consideration, he threw open his doors, and cried out for help. The neighbours were instantly alarmed, his house full of people, and, among the crowd, a number of those wretches, who watch for an opportunity of profiting themselves in such calamities, under pretence of assisting the person in distress.

Every room was carefully examined, and he was, at last, convinced, that imagination had imposed on his understanding. There was no fire, nor the least appearance of any; but, poor unhappy man, while he was busy in searching one chamber, the plunderers still stripped the others, till they had left but little for the flames to destroy, if there really had been any; most of it being carried off in the confusion, none knew by whom, and he had scarce a bed left to lie upon, or the least conveniency whatever.

On perceiving his misfortune, the same force of imagination, which had first occasioned it, now represented it in more shocking colours than it indeed deserved, because it seems, he had a competent estate in land, which could neither be burned nor stole away, and afforded more than sufficiency for his support.

He thought, however, of nothing but perishing for want, and all the terrors of such a condition at once assailing him, entirely unhinged reason and reflection; and hurried by the black idea, he threw himself headlong out of a window, two stories from the street, where his brains were dashed upon the pavement.

Sad instance what the force of a perverted imagination can perform!



Letter from R. S.
A Remarkable Instance of Generosity

To *The Female Spectator*

ADAM, It is only in persons of high extraction that we expect to find high virtues, because we are apt to imagine that the illustrious patterns, set them by their predecessors, will not suffer any ideas, but such as are great, noble, and generous, to enter into their minds. If those of a mean birth and humble breeding behave with common honesty, and avoid being guilty of any enormous crime, we think it is all they are capable of, and look for no more from them. Yet that there have been shining instances of an exalted virtue, before any title of distinction between man and man were invented, is demonstrable by those very titles being invented, and bestowed at first as the reward of exemplary virtues. It is neither my business nor inclination to depreciate the merit of noble blood. I would only not have virtue too partially confined to those of high birth, and persuade the world to see and respect it, when found even in the lowest rank of people.

I was led into a reflection in this matter by being an eye witness of an accident, which, I flatter myself, may afford as agreeable an entertainment to your readers in the relation, as it did me in the beholding; for which reason I venture to present it to you.

I am, madam, a man of peace, and far from taking any delight in the accounts, whether true or false, our newspapers give us of battles, skirmishes or sieges. Yet notwithstanding the little inclination I have to enquire into the business of the war, on being told there was a fresh draft to be made out of the troops, in order to fill the places of those lost at *Fontenoy*, I had a curiosity to see in what manner those, on whom the lot should fall, would take it.

Accordingly I went, on the day I had heard was appointed for it, about five in the morning, into *St. James's* Park, where I found several companies drawn out, and thousands of people looking on; some excited by the same motive as myself, and others by their concern for the choice that should be made of men to send away.

Among this latter number was a young person, whose age appeared to me not to exceed sixteen, and so extremely pretty that had her plain country habit been exchanged for one more advantageous, she could not but have attracted all the eyes present.

The innocence of her countenance, however, and the anxiety, that discovered itself in all her features and motions, as she was talking with two or three men who stood near her, and seemed also to be country people, made me desirous of knowing, whether it was for a brother or a lover she was so deeply interested.

I, therefore, made my way through the crowd that interposed, and, with much ado, got near enough to hear what discourse passed between her and her little company; by which I soon found that it was neither of the relatives I had imagined, but one allied to her by a much

dearer tie, for whom her tender soul was dissolved in tears and impatience.

In fine, I soon perceived by what I heard her say, and afterwards had a more full information of, that she was married about five months since to the son of a farmer in *Wiltshire*, who had, unhappily, been drawn in to enlist himself as soldier soon after he became a husband. His father had offered very considerably for his discharge; but his officer, on account of his youth, stature and strength would not be prevailed upon to part with him, and his friends now trembled that those very abilities would be the occasion of his being one of those picked out to be sent abroad.

The terms in which this poor creature expressed herself were truly pathetic, and touched the soul the more as they were purely natural and void of all the ornaments of speech. She wept, but strove to hide her tears; and while with an excess of passion she protested never to abandon him, but partake of all his dangers and hardships, she blushed at finding she was heard by any beside those to whom she made this declaration.

I must confess that I never in my life had so great an opportunity of viewing nature in its perfection, that is as it came from the hands of the Creator, as in the struggles I discovered here between modesty and tenderness.

One of those, to whom she directed her discourse, I found was a relation of her own, and the other a great friend and companion of her husband's; and both had accompanied his father up to *London* in order to attempt his discharge, which failing to do, the old man was returned home with an aching heart to wait the event.

A great many were drafted off, several of whom

seemed to regret the preference given them. The foolish pity and murmurs of the populace heightened their concern, and the cries and lamentations of the parents, wives and children rendered some among them quite unmanned.

At last the officers came up to a rank, among whom was a more than ordinarily tall, handsome young fellow. The moment I cast my eye upon him I imagined him the husband of my pretty neighbour, and soon found I was not deceived in my conjecture, by the additional confusion I now saw in her face, and in those of her companions. I trembled for her, and expected no less than that he would be among the number of the chosen, as indeed he immediately was, and marched off with the others who were drafted before. She gave a great shriek, attempted to speak, but had not the power, and fell into a swoon.

By the assistance of her friends and several others who stood near and seemed to commiserate her condition, she recovered; and no sooner was so, than the extremity of her grief banishing all sense of shame, she flew to the captain, threw herself at his feet, conjured him to pity her and spare her husband. Her cousin and the other young man joined their tears and prayers with hers, but the officer was too much accustomed to petitions of this nature to be much moved at what they said, and repulsed them with more roughness than I then thought I could have done had I been in his place. But I have since considered, that in some circumstances it is necessary to harden one's heart, or at least to seem as if one did so; and that if a gentleman in his situation was to give ear to all the applications

made on the same score, it would be impossible for him to perform the duties of his function.

All being in vain, the disconsolate husband advanced from the rest of his fellows to bid adieu to his fair wife, who persisted in her resolution of accompanying him. He would, by no means, listen to such a proposal, and there ensued between them such a tender contest, as persons, bred in much higher life, need not have been ashamed to have been engaged in.

William, His Generosity

The young countryman stood for some time in a musing posture, and at length coming out of it, went directly to the captain, and with a resolution in his countenance, I can never forget, spoke to him in this manner:

Your honour sees, said he, the distress of these two young people who have loved one another from children, are but lately married and she is with child. If they should be separated it would break both their hearts. I beg your honour to give him his discharge and take me in his room. I have no wife, nor father to lament me, and if I die the loss will not be much. I beseech you, therefore, to grant my request. I am as strong and as able to serve my king and country as he is, and I shall go with pleasure, if, by it, I can leave this couple happy. To this he added somewhat more, by way of enforcing his request, which so astonished the captain and all who heard him, that nobody went about to interrupt him.

After he had given over speaking, one of the officers

asked him if he had an inclination for the army; for if he had, said he, we will give you the listing money and you may go with the rest. No, sir, replied he, boldly, I never till now had a thought of being a soldier, nor would I enter myself on any terms, but to serve *Tom*; and I am out of the reach of the press act, having above ten pounds a year of my own in land; and therefore, if you think well of me, give him his discharge and I am ready to take his coat without your listing money.

Such an act of generosity occasioned a shout of applause; all the gentlemen were charmed with it, and the captain was contented to take him at his word and ordered the muster roll to be brought to him, erased *Tom* and put in the name of his kind redeemer, which was *William*; and then wrote the discharge in the usual form.

But when *Tom* was called and informed of what had been done for him, he could scarce be prevailed upon to accept. The tears of his wife, however, and the persuasions of everybody, that were witness of this generous debate, at length got the better of his scruples. He received his discharge and gave up his cloathes and musket, which the other immediately equipped himself in with the greatest resolution and intrepidity. The officers clapped their hands, and the mob huzza'd and cried that he would beat ten *Frenchmen*, while others shook their heads, and said it was pity so brave and honest a fellow should be food for powder.

It would have afforded me an infinite satisfaction to have seen their parting, but that being impracticable, returned home so full of admiration at the adventure, that for several days I thought on little else.

Now, Madam, I appeal to you if Theseus, Peritheos, or any other celebrated friend, whether ancient or modern, could have given a greater instance of generosity than this plain country *William*, or could have accepted it with a better grace than *Tom*? For my part, I am convinced in my own mind, that if these two men had been blest with a polite and liberal education, the

obscurity of their birth would have been no obstruction to their making very shining figures in life.

The *manner* in which we do good actions is indeed to be learned from precept and education, but the *will* to do them, must be born with us, or all that comes from us will have an enforced air, and favour strongly of the school.

A proper education is, however, a very valuable thing; it not only improves our good qualities, but enables us to repel the dictates of those ill ones which our passions are apt to inspire in us; but I would not ascribe more to it than is its real due. For, as a famous *French* author says,

" Education but *polishes*, not *makes* the diamond."

But I fear, Madam, I have troubled you too long, and shall therefore conclude with assuring you that I am an admirer of your works and,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

And subscriber,

R. S.

Dean's Yard, Westminster,
June 25, 1745.

The generous behaviour of country (uninstructed) *William* shows what we are able to do of ourselves. All who hear what he did, must allow it to be truly great. But if, after having so well proved the nobleness of his soul, he should degenerate and become hereafter self-interested, deceitful, or in fine, any way base, it must be owned it was the ill example of others that makes him so.

A Country Ramble

BELIEVE my readers expect I should now perform my promise, made in one of these essays, and give an account, in what manner our little society passed our time, in the ramble we took two months ago in to the country.

As we went to the seat of one of the most accomplished persons on earth, we could not fail of being elegantly

entertained; but the weather, which the whole summer has seemed as if the whole course of nature was perverted, was altogether unpropitious to our main view in going into the country; and instead of contemplating, as *Philo-Naturæ* had recommended, the wonders of nature in the formation of those different insects and animals, which the fields and gardens would have presented, obliged us to stay for the most part in doors and pass our hours in the same amusements we were accustomed to enjoy when in *London*.

Whenever a few hours of sunshine had rendered it practicable to walk, we sallied forth with our microscopes; but the unusual cold, and almost continuous rain, or what was even worse, a kind of poisonous dew that sometimes fell, even in what seemed a fair day, had either destroyed a great part of those little creatures which I have formerly seen hanging at the leaves of plants, or skipping on the grass, or else had driven them to take shelter in a more warm or dry recess, where we had not skill enough to discover them.

Caterpillars, their Structure very Amazing

Caterpillars, indeed, we saw in great numbers, and were much diverted to observe how, on the least touch, they shrank themselves up into a little heap or ball, by the help of rings placed at certain distances round their bodies. We also took notice that the difference of their colours proceeded from a different herbage on which they fed; but none of us were able to conceive what it

was gave them those beautiful gold specks with which some of them were adorned, till a very ingenious gentleman, who sometimes assisted our speculations, informed us that these insects had small fibres between their outward coat and skin filled with a thinner and more delicate juice than that which supplies them with strength, and converts to glue, whenever they would fasten themselves to anything; and that this fine liquid transpiring by the heat of the sun becomes of the same colour with the rays that call it forth.

As there are a vast variety of these creatures, I think the learned say no less than three hundred different species, which yet all pass under the same name, one cannot help admiring the wisdom and justice of Nature, which has bestowed her bounties even on insects that appear so contemptible to us, with such an impartial hand, that had they the gift of reason, none of them would find cause to envy the others, the properties of each being so alike valuable, that none would be a gainer by the exchange.

There are a sort, would first appear more ugly than any of the rest. They seem all of a dirty brown colour, and are covered with hair of the same hue, which is long and coarse like the bristles of a boar; but when you come to examine them, you will find beauties you little expected. That shaggy coat, which is doubtless given them for a protection, but hides from the naked eye a skin perfectly enamelled with gold and purple. They have heads quite round and exactly resembling a globe of amber, both for clearness and colour. Their eyes are wonderfully fine, whether we consider their shape or lustre; and that they have very sharp teeth I experienced

by laying one of them on the back of my hand, in order to examine it more carefully. They have a great number of feet, as I believe all caterpillars have in general, but I perceive the chief strength of these, is in those two that are placed at the extremity of the body, and have so much elasticity in them, as to enable the creature to raise itself almost upright, whenever any propensity, of which we know not the occasion, excites it to that motion.

The other caterpillars, which we found on the apple trees, the cabbages, and several plants in the kitchen-garden were of a fine green and had not those hairy mantles; by which we inferred they were less defended from any inclemencies of the air than those I have mentioned. But then we found they had a sort of glue within their bowels, by the ejection of which they could, when any danger that nature threatened, fasten themselves so firmly to the bark of a tree or any other place they chose for an asylum, that it was not in the power of the roughest blasts of *Boreas* to shake them off.

Wherefore, then, ought not we who pretend to reason, to be content with the station in which we are placed? The all-wise Creator has dispensed to everyone a sufficiency to make him happy, and it lies on us alone to manage the talents he has given, so as not to stand in need of more. How strangely stupid in us to complain for want of amusements, when nature had provided such an infinite variety that we can turn our eyes nowhere without finding somewhat to gratify the enquiring soul!

As we were taking a little walk one morning in the garden, where the ground had been lately thrown up in order to make some alteration in one of the parterres, *Euphrosine*, who was leaning on my arm, imagined she saw a kind of motion in some parts of the loose earth, and immediately mentioned it to me, who, I confess, was not so quick-sighted as to perceive any agitation. We both, however, had recourse to our microscopes, and I was soon convinced she was not deceived, and there was really a motion in several of those clods which had been scattered about the edges of a bank they had been taken from.

We called out to *Mira* and the noble widow, who were at some distance from us talking to the gardener; and being joined by them, each of us took up in our hands one of these animated hillocks, and by the help of our glasses, found they were full of living little creatures encased in shells, which seemed exactly the same as those of snails, though of a different colour and almost transparent.

To be assured, if possible, what they were, we put a sufficient quantity of earth into a pot, and then laid

them lightly into it, strewing a few vine leaves on the top, and carried them into the parlour with a strict charge to all the servants not to remove it from its place, nor suffer anything to fall upon it or crush the earth. We also took a particular care that there should be no worms, nor anything else in the food we had prepared, which might be of prejudice to our young nursery.

For the first two days we could see nothing of them, but on the third, had the satisfaction to perceive several had broke up their covering and nibbled the leaves we laid for their sustenance. We then took one of them out and found it considerably increased in bulk, and that the shells were harder and of a more brown colour, and could now discern those four antennas, or horns as they are vulgarly called but are, in reality, jointed tubes, which they can either extend or contract at leisure. At the extremity of these are placed their eyes, which, we are told, serve also as organs for smelling; but as to that I can say nothing of my own knowledge.

We were, however, now perfectly convinced that they were snails, and also that this species of insects, contemptible as it may seem, had in it sufficient to excite an admiration of the all-wise and beneficent Creator, who forgets not the smallest of his works, and bestows, on every living thing, what is most convenient for its being.

Those thin shells, which were sufficient to defend them while in embryo in the egg, and while hid in the bowels of the earth, would not have kept out the cold when exposed to the open air in search of nourishment; they are, therefore, furnished with a sineous juice,

which distilling from their pores, becomes a hard consistence and joins with the shell, which every day, I might say every hour, increases in proportion to the snail, and serves her as a house or cavern, in which she may either hide herself, or peep out of, as she pleases and as occasion requires.

As our stay in the country was but short, I cannot expressly say the time in which, from an egg, this insect arrives at maturity; but, by the progress those under our care made in growth, it must be in about fourteen or fifteen days. This, however, I leave to the naturalist to unfold, and perhaps that gentleman, with whom we left the little family when we returned to town, may, hereafter, oblige the public with a more full description of them than *The Female Spectator* would be able to do with the strictest observation.

Snails, How Dignified

I must confess I am a little interested in these animals, not only because I had, as it were, the breeding up of some of them, but also because I think, ugly and

insignificant as they may seem to other people, that there is something peculiarly graceful and majestic in them. Such a position may possibly occasion a good deal of laughter among some of my readers; but let those who are most inclined to ridicule me for it, only take the same pains I have done to examine a snail, and I am pretty confident they will change their note.

These animals, indeed, not having any legs or feet, can only slide their bodies from place to place, and do that extremely slow, by reason of the great weight they carry on their back; but then they have long necks and hold their heads very erect, which graced with those four antlers, each tipped with a transparent eye, gives them, in my opinion, an air of dignity beyond what many other creatures which are accounted much more valuable can boast of.

Letter from Cleora

To *The Female Spectator*

LADIES, Permit me to thank you for the kind and generous task you have undertaken in endeavouring to improve the minds and manners of our unthinking sex. It is the noblest act of charity you could exercise in an age like ours, where the sense of good and evil is almost extinguished, and people desire to appear more vicious than they really are, that so they may be less unfashionable.

This humour, which is too prevalent in the female sex, is the true occasion of the many evils and dangers with which they are daily exposed. No wonder the men of sense disregard us, and the dissolute triumph over that virtue they ought to protect!

Yet I think it would be cruel to charge the ladies with all the errors they commit. It is most commonly the fault of a wrong education, which makes them frequently do amiss, while they think they not only act

innocently, but uprightly. It is therefore only the men, and the men of understanding too, who, in effect, merit the blame of this, and are answerable for all the misconduct we are guilty of. Why do they call us *silly women*, and not endeavour to make us otherwise? God and nature have endued them with means, and *custom* has established them in the power of rendering our minds such as they ought to be. How highly ungenerous is it then to give us a wrong turn, and then despise us for it!

The *Mahometans*, indeed, enslave their women, but then they teach them to believe their inferiority will extend to eternity; there are cases even worse than this,

for while we live in a free country, and are assured from our excellent *christian* principles that we are capable of those refined pleasures which last to immortality, our minds, our better parts, are wholly left uncultivated, and like a rich soil neglected, bring forth nothing but noxious weeds.

There is, undoubtedly, no sex in souls, and we are as able to receive and practise the impressions, not only of virtue and religion, but also of those sciences which the men engross to themselves, as they can be. Surely our bodies were not formed by the great Creator out of the finest mould that our souls might be neglected like the coarsest of the clay!

O! would too imperious and too tenacious man be so just to the world as to be more careful of the education of those females to whom they are parents or guardians! Would they convince them in their infancy that dress and show are not the essentials of a fine lady, and that true beauty is seated in the mind; how soon should we see our sex retrieve the many virtues which false taste has buried in oblivion! Strange infatuation! To refuse us what would so much contribute to their own felicity! Would not themselves reap the benefit of our amendment? Should we not be more obedient daughters, more faithful wives, more tender lovers, more sincere friends, and more valuable in every other station of life?

But, I find, I have let my pen run a much greater length than I at first intended. If I have said anything worthy your notice, or what you think the truth of the case, I hope you will mention this subject in some of your future essays; or if you find I have anyway erred

in my judgment, to set me right would be the greatest favour you can confer on,

Ladies,

Your constant reader,

And humble servant,

CLEORA.

Hampton Court,
Jan. 12, 1744.

After thanking this lady for the favour of her obliging letter, we think it our duty to congratulate her on being one of those happy few who have been blessed with that sort of education which she so pathetically laments the want of in the greatest part of our sex.

Those men are certainly guilty of a great deal of injustice who think that all the learning becoming in a woman is confined to managing her family; that is to give orders concerning the table, take care of her children in their infancy, and observe that her servants do not neglect their duties. All this, no doubt, is very necessary; but would it not be better if she performs those duties more through principle than custom, and will she be less punctual in her observance of them, after she becomes a wife, for being perfectly convinced, before she is so, of the reasonableness of them, and why they are expected from her?

Many women have not been inspired with the least notion of even those requisites in a wife, and when they become so, continue the same loitering, lolloping idle creatures they were before; and then the men are ready enough to condemn those who had the care of their education. But supposing her an excellent economist,

in every respect what the world calls a notable woman, methinks the husband would be yet infinitely happier were she endued with other good qualities as well as a perfect understanding in household affairs. The governess of a family, or what is commonly called housekeeper, provided she be honest and careful, might discharge this trust as well as a wife; but there is, doubtless, somewhat more to be expected by a man from that woman whom the ceremony of marriage has made part of himself. She is, or ought to be, if qualified for it, the repository of his dearest secrets, the moderator of his fiercer passions, the softener of his most anxious cares and the constantly cheerful and entertaining companion in his more unbended moments. We all groan under the curse entailed upon us for the transgression of *Eve*—" Thy desires shall be to thy husband, and he shall have rule over thee "—but we are not taught enough how to lighten this burden and render ourselves such as would make him ashamed to exert that authority he thinks he has a right to over us.

The world would infallibly be more happy than it is, were women more knowing than they generally are. It is very well worth the while of those who have the interest of the female part of their family at heart, to instruct them early in some of the most necessary rudiments of philosophy. All those little follies now ascribed to us, and which indeed we but too much incur the censure of, would then vanish, and the dignity of human nature shine forth in us, I will venture to say, with at least as much splendour as in the other sex.

Study of Philosophy Recommended

All that restlessness of temper we are accused of, that perpetual inclination for gadding from place to place; those vapours, those disquiets we often feel, merely for want of some material cause of disquiet, would be no more, when once the mind was employed in the pleasing enquiries of philosophy. Philosophy is the toil which can never tire the persons engaged in it; all its ways are strewed with roses, and the farther you go, the more enchanting objects appear before you and invite you on.

That this science is not too abstruse for our sex to arrive at a great perfection in, none can presume to deny, because many known examples, both in ancient and modern time, prove the certainty of it. Who has not heard of the famed *Hypatia*?

Some branches of the mathematics are also very agreeable and improving amusements for young ladies, in particular geography, in which they may travel the world over, be acquainted with all its parts, and find new matter to adore the Infinite Wisdom, which presiding over and throughout such a diversity of contrary climes, suits everyone, so as to be most pleasing and convenient to the inhabitants.

History must not be omitted, as it cannot fail in engaging the mind to attention and affording the strongest precept by example. The rise and fall of monarchies, the fate of princes, the sources from which

their good or ill fortune may be deduced, afford an ample field for contemplation and, at the same time, too much pleasure to leave room for any amusements of a low and trifling nature.

These are what I would have the serious employments of a young lady's mind. Music, dancing and the reading of poetry and novels may sometimes come in by way of relaxation, but ought not to be too much indulged.

I cannot, however, take leave of this subject without answering one objection which I have heard made against learning in our sex, which is that the politer studies take us off from those that are more necessary, though less ornamental. I believe many well-meaning people may be deceived into this opinion which is very unjust. Those improvements which I have mentioned, sublime as they are, will never be of prejudice to our attending to those lower occupations of life which are not to be dispensed with except in those of the great world. It is entirely owing to a narrow education, that we either give our husbands room to find fault with our conduct, or that we have leisure to pry too scrutinously into theirs. Happy would it be for both, were this almost sole cause of all our errors once reformed; and I am not without some glimmerings of hope that it will one day be so.

The ladies themselves, methinks, begin to seem sensible of the injustice which has long been done them, and find a vacuum in their minds, which, to fill up they of their own accord invented the way of sticking little pictures on cabinets, screens, dressing-tables and other little pieces of chamber furniture and then varnishing

them over so as to look like one piece of painting; and they have now got into the art of turning ivory into whatever utensils they fancy. There is no doubt but a pair of globes would make a better figure in their antechambers than the vice and wheel; but great revolutions are not to be expected at once, and if they once take it into their heads to prefer works of ingenuity, though in the most trifling matters, to dress, gaming and rambling abroad, they will, it is hoped, proceed to more noble and elevated studies.

Equality between the Sexes Dreaded

The objection that I have heard made by some men that learning would make us too assuming, is weak and unjust in itself, because there is nothing would so much cure us of those vanities we are accused of, as knowledge. O, but, say they, learning puts the sexes too much on an equality, it would destroy that implicit obedience which it is necessary the women should pay to our commands. If once they have the capacity of arguing with us, where would be our authority? Now will I appeal to any impartial reader, even among the men, if this very reason in keeping us in subjection does not betray an arrogance and pride in themselves, yet less excuseable than that which they seem so fearful of our assuming.

On Gaming

WONDERFUL are the changes which difference of times create! A few years since, a gamester was the most despicable character in life; now, whose society more coveted than people of that profession? This vice of gaming, originally descended from the worst of passions, is certainly the most pernicious of any to society. To this unhappy propensity it is greatly owing that so many shops, lately flourishing, are now shut up and their owners either bankrupt or miserable refugees in foreign parts. We may date this extravagant itch of gaming, which, like the plague, has spread its contagion through all degrees of people, from the fatal year 1720. The alluring prospect of making a great fortune at once, and without any labour or trouble, so infatuated the minds of all the ambitious, the avaricious, and the indolent, that for a time there seemed an entire stagnation of all business, but what was transacted by the *brokers* in *Change Alley*. Then it was that sharping began to flourish in the nation, and has ever since continued under various shapes. The great bubble of the *South Sea* dissipated, a thousand lesser ones, though equally destructive to honest industry, sprung up. There are always a set of artful people who watch to take advantage of any public frenzy. These soon discovered the general bent and contrived various kinds of gaming which had never before been dreamed of. I could name

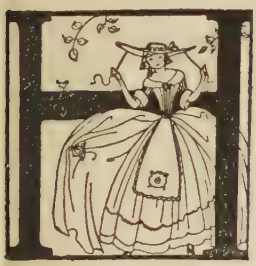
a certain spot of ground, within the liberties of *Westminster*, which contains no less than fourteen public gaming houses in the compass of two hundred yards; all of which are every night crowded with a promiscuous company.

Tennis, a Manly Exercise

TO hurl the *tennis ball*, or play a match at *cricket*, are certainly robust and manly exercises. They were originally invented to try and preserve strength and activity, and to keep those of our youth, who were not born to meaner labours, from idleness and effeminacy. The playing at the latter also, county against county, was designed to inspire a noble emulation to excel each other in those feats, which might render them more ready to serve their king and country, when the defence of either required them to take up arms.

No mercenary views had any share in the institution of these games. Honour was the only excitement, applause the only end proposed by each bold attemptor. These, alas! of later days, are but empty names; a thousand pounds has more real charm than any that are to be found in glory. Gain, sordid gain, is all that engrosses the heart, and adds transport to success. Without that, numbers, who throng to give proofs of their activity, would rather chuse to pass the time away in lolling over a lady's toilet while she is dressing, or in his own easy chair listening to the music of his footman's *French* horn.

Honour of Itself Not to be Relied On



HOW preposterous, how absurd it is, that people shall think no toils, no dangers, no submissions too much, in order to purchase such a temporary and uncertain happiness, as the joys of this short life can give; yet cry it is beneath the greatness of their souls to do anything in the hope of an everlasting reward in the realms of never-fading glory! As to that thing called honour, by which so many pretend to be restrained from being guilty of any mean or base action, a person the least conversant with the world, may be furnished with innumerable instances to prove it is no more than sound; pompous, indeed, but fleeting, empty and variable as the air, when not accompanied with religion.

Martius and Ismenia. Their Deplorable Story

MARTIUS was a general in the army, and like the patron of his arms, was no less amorous than valiant, and served both the powers of love and war with equal success. After a long course of triumphs in the field and *ruelle*, he was very near being foiled by a young lady, whose innocence was equal to her beauty, and who, on the first discovery made of his inclinations, gave him a rebuff, such as he had not been accustomed to be treated with.

In vain he tempted her with all the arts which artful men practise on our too often unwary and believing sex. In vain he followed her with presents, promises, sighs, tears, made use of every argument that love could dictate, or that wit could form. Her virtue, like a rock, was impregnable from all assaults from without, and as little capable of being betrayed by any guilty tenderness within.

Persecuted, however, with his continual solicitations, in spite of all the methods she could take to put a stop to them in a town where, being obliged to be often at public places, she was sure of always meeting him, she took a resolution to go into the country to a maiden aunt, who, having but a small fortune, lived extremely retired; and rather chose to banish herself from all the pleasures of one of the most agreeable cities in the

world, than by her presence give the least encouragement to a passion, which, as *Martius* was a married man, she could not even think on without horror.

But let virtue be ever so industrious for its preservation, vice will still be more so for its destruction. *Martius* found means to discover the place to which she was retired, and borne on the wings of furious desire,

immediately pursued her thither; but not yet determined in his mind how he should proceed, concealed his name and quality, and lay privately at an inn near the house which *Ismenia* (for so I shall call her) had made choice of for her asylum.

While he remained thus *perdu*, he was not idle in the prosecution of that design which had carried him so great a distance from all his other affairs in life. He made a strict enquiry into the behaviour of *Ismenia*, and hearing she went but little abroad except to church and sometimes to take a little walk in the fields always accompanied by her aunt, who they told him was in narrow circumstances, and also extremely covetous; he

perceived there would be difficulties in getting into her company, which could no way be surmounted without the assistance of that very person to whom she had flown for protection.

He therefore prevailed upon the woman of the inn to engage the aunt of *Ismenia* to come to her house, under the pretence of having got a hurt in her leg, the old lady being, as many of those who live in the country are, a very great doctress.

While she was there the general came into the room as if by accident, and easily found means to ingratiate himself. The landlady leaving them alone, as had been agreed between them, he let her know his name and quality, and then, having properly prepared her for the declaration, acquainted her with the passion he had for her lovely niece, expatiated on the length of time he had suffered by her cruelty, and closed his speech with the offer of a banknote of five hundred pounds for her charitable assistance in the affair, and the promise of as much more if he succeeded.

It is not to be doubted but she made some scruples at first; but his rhetoric, together with that of the few words which the bit of paper contained, soon silenced all objections, and she became entirely the creature of his will, and concerted with him on the most proper measures to accomplish it.

Little did poor *Ismenia* apprehend the cruel stratagem that was laid to ensnare her innocence, when the next day this wicked aunt told her that she had hired a chaise and chair, and would take her out in the afternoon, and show her the country, which as yet, said she, my dear niece, you have seen nothing of.

The young lady thought herself highly obliged for this proof of her love and complaisance, and accordingly dressed herself as soon as dinner was over in order to go. The chaise being come they went together into it, and the coachman had orders to take a pretty large circuit; during this time *Ismenia* was very agreeably entertained with the prospect of several fine seats which were scattered up and down, as well as with the history of those who lived in them, related to her by her aunt, who was now in a most excellent humour.

Two or three hours were taken up in this amusement, after which the aunt said some refreshment would be necessary, and bade the coachman stop at some place of entertainment where they might go in. The fellow, who was before instructed what he was to do, drove to the gate of a house, which stood a little out of the way, where they alighted and went into a room. Wine and cakes were called for, but how surprised and terrified was *Ismenia* when she saw the man who brought them in was followed by *Martius*, who accosting them with a gay air, told them that happening to be in that part of the country, and calling at this house to bait, he had seen them come out of the chaise, and was rejoiced to meet such good company in a place he so little expected them.

The spirits of *Ismenia* were in too great a hurry to permit her to make any answer to what he said; but her aunt who pretended to be formerly well acquainted with the general, talked to him with a great deal of familiarity, and seemed extremely pleased with seeing him. *Ismenia*, however, grew more and more uneasy, and would have given the world for a moment's

opportunity to let her aunt know the designs he had upon her, not in the least doubting that the old lady would then hasten away as soon as decency would permit.

After some time, fortune favoured her wishes in this point; *Martius* went out of the room to give some orders in the house, and was no sooner out of hearing than she disburthened all the fears her innocent breast was full of. On which the treacherous wretch affected some surprise, but told her that she would have her be perfectly easy since there could be nothing offered offensive to her modesty while she was present, and it would not look well to leave a man of his quality, and whom she had known so long, in an abrupt manner.

Ismenia was a little satisfied with the reasons she gave her, and the more so as she perceived the general behaved to her with no other than a distant civility, which she imagined was entirely owing to the restraint he was under on her aunt's account. A handsome collation was being served up, she partook of it with little less cheerfulness than she would have done had this so much dreaded lover not been there.

It was now pretty late, yet she durst not presume to set limits to her aunt's discretion; and finding she mentioned nothing of going, thought it would ill become her to remind her of it. It is certain they were all extremely gay, and *Martius* taking an opportunity of drawing them to a window to admire the beauty of the moon, which was then at her full height, and seemed to dance on a little river which ran opposite to the house, the perfidious aunt slipped out of the room, unperceived by *Ismenia* who at that moment was taken up with the softness of the prospect before her.

It was not, however, long before she missed her and turned hastily about. She looked round the room and not seeing her, cried in some sort of confusion, *where is my aunt?* The general made only some slight answer, and was endeavouring to engage her in discourse; but her consternation increasing she listened to nothing he said, but was going to ring the bell for the people of the house to come up, in order to enquire where her aunt was gone. This he prevented her from doing, and plainly told her, the lady on whom she depended was gone home and had left her under his protection that night.

Scarce could she give credit to so shocking a truth, till fatally convinced of it, by finding she did not return, and the change in the general's behaviour. He treated her, indeed, with no indecent freedoms, but let her know she was in his power and that he had taken too much pains for the procurement of this opportunity to let it slip.

It is not in the power of words to express the terror, the consternation, the agonies of heart which the poor beguiled *Ismenia* now endured. She wept, she implored and sometimes had courage enough to menace this prosecutor of her innocence; but he was as inflexible to all she urged in the defense of her virtue as she had been to the attacks he made upon it.

At length, whether it were that she had drank more freely than she was accustomed, or whether her reason was so far lost by the hurry her spirits had sustained in the surprise, but all her resolution seemed to flag, and she consented to go to bed, on his swearing to her upon his honour he would offer nothing to the prejudice of her virtue.

How little he kept his word, the reader's thoughts, I dare say, will anticipate my relation; but the motive that induced me to present them with this story was to show how little *honour* is to be depended upon, when passion intervenes, and how much the general spoke the sense of all his sex when *Ismenia*, reproaching him with his breach of honour, he replied, laughing, *Oh, madam, we throw honour aside when we come between a pair of sheets.*

Fibs. The Danger of Them

HOW amiable is truth! How beautiful are all her walks! How fearless, how secure are all her votaries! No virtue whatever bestows more real satisfaction to the mind that harbours it; and if by any accident, a temporary censure should fall on too strict an adherence to its dictates, the end will still bring on a more justifiable praise.

I would not, however, be understood that people should without any consideration of the consequence, madly utter all they know; for that might prove an inconvenience to themselves and others little inferior to what reporting a falsehood might occasion; but there are few, if any, circumstances in life wherein a person is compelled to discover more than they find proper.

What induced me chiefly to enter on this subject was the *common lies* we often hear, that have not the least shadow of a meaning in them either good or hurt; and to which some people have such a strange propensity,

that their conversation is always sprinkled with them. If they begin with anything that is real matter of fact, they will illustrate it, as I suppose they imagine, with so many fabulous circumstances, that it will be very difficult to come at the truth, and not seldom it happens that the whole passes for invention, by the manner in which it is related.

I have known persons so excessively fond of the *marvellous*, that they have had the confidence to report things, not only beyond what was ever heard of in the course of nature, but also beyond what she is capable of performing.

I had once the fortune to be acquainted with a gentleman of so prolific an invention in this point, that one could never see him without hearing some fresh wonder. Apparitions of celestial, terrestrial and infernal spirits were frequent to him. He was honoured with the confidence of the greatest potentates of *Europe*, and wherever he came, astonished everybody with secrets

of the most tremendous kind. In fine, whatever happened to him was a prodigy, and every day presented him with something supernatural.

One afternoon when I was very full of company, this extraordinary person came to visit me. Those, who were with me, had heard a good deal of his character, but, having never been ear-witnesses of his conversation, were not capable of doing justice to his talent that way, or perhaps might not have given credit to all that had been said of it.

He soon, however, convinced them that he was above all description, and that it was absolutely necessary to see and hear him in order to have any competent idea of what he was.

Whether it were that he was more full of spirits that day than ordinary, or whether it were that the sight of so many who were strangers to him made him exert them as much as possible, I know not; but this is certain that the extraordinary quality for which he was famed never appeared more conspicuously than in the discourse he presently began to entertain us with.

As I knew he had lately been in the country, I made the usual compliments on his return; which I had no sooner done and he had seated himself than he asked if we in town had suffered any great damage by the late storms. I told him that the wind had indeed been very high, and that I had heard some trees in the park were blown down, but knew no other mischief it had occasioned. Then, cried he, the elements have shewed more favour to London than to other parts. In Norfolk, from which I came but three days past, the sea in some places overthrew its banks, and was blown up seventy

feet above the coast, where it seemed to stand like a pyramid, and we every moment expected an inundation that would have destroyed all the country.

Some of the company expressing their astonishment at what he said, he told them that was but a trifle to the accident which on the sinking of the waters immediately befel.

I was one among about fifty of us, began he with a most solemn countenance, who saw upwards of three score acres of my own land forcibly torn off and severed from the rest by the violence of the wind and the eruption the sea had made; and carried away on the waves quite to the coast of Holland, where it lodged and is now become a part of that republic.

Everybody in the room looked on him, as well they might, with the utmost amazement, which he, perceiving, went on: You think this strange, said he, but what ensued was yet more wonderful. The same storm paid for what it had taken from me, by driving part of the coast between Boulogne and Dunkirk on this side! We saw the floating island move with the utmost celerity till it stopped and filled up the gap which the preceding gust of wind had made in my estate!

Prodigious indeed, cried a lady, who yet knew not whether she ought to give credit or not to what she heard, and pray, sir, were you a loser or a gainer by the exchange?

To which he answered gravely, that he had not yet made the calculation, but he believed it might be pretty equal, only, said he, there are a great number of children on the French land who will not be able to earn their bread in a long time, and I cannot in conscience let

them starve. How, interrupted another of the company, were there any people on this floating island? Oh yes, replied he, and several little cottages with women in them, some spinning, some knitting, others salting up fish. There are also five excellent barns, and good sturdy fellows, considering they are French, threshing the finest wheat I ever saw in my life!

It would be too tedious to repeat half the circumstances he ran on with, by way of corroborating the truth of this fable; and I knew not what farther lengths he might have gone on, if a gentleman who had no longer patience to hear him utter such rhodomontades with an air of reality, had not asked him very gravely if the invention was his own, or if he had it from another. Invention, cried our wondermonger, do I not tell you, sir, it actually happened, and that I saw it with my own eyes!

You did so indeed, replied the gentleman, but to be plain with you, I took you either for an author or a player, but since we are to take it for truth, I have done; and shall wait on this lady again when she is less happy in the company of so extraordinary a person.

In speaking these words he rose up, and having paid a proper respect to us all, went hastily away, to the great displeasure of him who instead of the admiration he expected, found himself treated by him with so much contempt.

Lies of this sort, it is certain, are more pardonable than some others, because the chief hurt they do is to render the reporters themselves ridiculous. I know there are some people who are extremely pleased to hear them, and encourage the authors because they

find matter for diversion in their folly; but this I cannot help looking on as a kind of cruelty. One should rather be sorry for, than delighted with the errors of our fellow creatures; and while the creation affords us monkeys, squirrels and lap-dogs to make us sport, it is, methinks, an affront to ourselves to seek it among our own species.

Letter from John Careful on Tea. Its Constant Use Prejudicial

To *The Female Spectator*

ADAM, As I look upon you to be a person who knows the world perfectly well, and has the happiness of their own sex very much at heart, I wonder you have never thought fit to throw out some admonitions concerning the immoderate use of tea; which, however innocent it may seem to those who practise it, is a kind of debauchery no less expensive and perhaps even more pernicious than those, which the men who are not professed rakes, are generally accused of.

This at first sight may be looked upon as too bold an assertion; but I am persuaded will be found reasonable, and will undertake to prove that the tea-table, as managed in some families, costs more to support than two children at nurse. Were the folly of wasting time and money in this manner confined only to the great, who have enough of both to spare, it would not so much call for public reproof; but all degrees of women are infected with it, and the wife now looks upon her tea-chest, table, and its implements, to be as much her right by marriage as her wedding ring.

The first thing the too genteel wife does after opening her eyes in the morning is to ring the bell for the maid and ask if the tea-kettle boils. If any accident

has happened to delay this important affair, the house is sure to echo with reproaches. If there is no disappointment in the case, the petticoats and bed-gown are hastily thrown over the shoulders, Madam repairs to her easy chair, sits down before her table with all her equipage about her, and sips and pauses and then sips again, while the maid attends assiduous to replenish that precious liquor.

An hour is the least that can be allowed to breakfast, after which the maid carries all the utensils down into the kitchen and sits down to the remains of the tea (or it is probable, some fresh she has found opportunity to purloin) with the same state as her mistress, takes as much time, and would think herself highly injured should anyone call her away or attempt to interrupt her. So that between both, the whole morning is elapsed, and it is as much as the poor husband can do to get a bit of dinner ready by two or three o'clock.

Dinner above and below is no sooner over, than the tea-table must be again set forth. A friendly neighbour comes in to chat away an hour. Two are no company, and the maid being very busy in cutting bread and butter, one prentice is called out of the shop to run this way and call Mrs. such-a-one and another that way to fetch Mrs. such-a-one, so that the husband must be his own man and if two customers chance to come at the same time, he frequently loses one for want of hands to serve them.

It often happens, that when the tea-drinking company have almost finished their regale, and the table is going to be removed, a fresh visitor arrives who must have fresh tea made for her. After her comes another, who is always treated with the same compliment; a third, perhaps a fourth, or more, till the room is quite full, and the entertainment prolonged a considerable time after the candles are lighted, when the days are of a moderate length.

This is sufficient to show the loss of time, both as to the mistress and servants, and how much the regularity of the tea-table occasions a want of regularity in everything besides. But, madam, there is yet another more mischievous effect attends the drinking too much of this *Indian* herb.

What I mean is too notorious a fact not to be easily guessed at; but lest it should be misconstrued by any of your readers, I shall venture to explain it.

Tea, whether of the Green or Bohea kind, when taken to excess, occasions a dejection of spirits and flatulency, which lays the drinkers of it under a kind of necessity of having recourse to more animating liquors. The most temperate and sober of the sex find

themselves obliged to drink wine pretty freely after it. None of them nowadays pretend to entertain with the one without the other, and the bottle and glass are as sure an appendix to the tea-table as the slop-basin.

Brandy, rum, and other spirituous liquors, being of a more exhilarating nature, at least for the present, are become a usual supplement to tea; and I am sorry to say, by their frequent use, grow so familiar to the palate that their intoxicating qualities are no longer formidable. The vapours, cholic, a bad digestion or some other complaint, serves as an excuse for drinking them in a more plentiful degree than the best constitution can for any length of time support.

Hence ensue innumerable maladies, doctors' fees, apothecaries' bills, *Bath*, *Tunbridge* and the *Spa*, and all that can destroy the wretched husband's peace or impoverish him in his fortune. The more is his affection for a wife who takes so little care for his interests and happiness and her own health and reputation, the more will his affliction be; and the less will she be able to forgive herself, when brought by a too late and sad experience to a right way of thinking.

That you will, therefore, use your endeavours that so great an enemy to the felicity of the meaner sort of people may be banished from their houses, is the unanimous desire of all husbands, and most humbly petitioned for by him who is

With the greatest admiration of your writings,
Madam,
Your most humble and most obedient servant,
JOHN CAREFUL.

Friday Street, November 2nd, 1744.

I dare say one half of my readers will expect me to be very angry at this declamation against an amusement my sex is generally so fond of. Tea is, however, in itself, a very harmless herb, and an infusion of it in boiling water agrees with most constitutions when taken moderately; but then it must be confessed we have plants of our own growth no less pleasing to the palate and more effectual for all the purposes which furnish an excuse for the afternoon's regale.

The three objections which Mr. *Careful* makes, or indeed that anybody can make against the tea-table, are,—*first*, the loss of time and hindrance to business; —*secondly*, the expense; and *lastly*, the consequences often arising from it, dram-drinking and ill health.

To the first, it may be answered, that were tea to be entirely banished and balm, sage, mint or any other *English* herb substituted in its place and used in the same manner, the effect would be the same as to that point, for the one would engross the hours as well as the other. Nor does the second carry any great weight, the expense of tea itself is an indulgence, which might be allowed the wife where there is anything of a competency, without prejudice to the circumstances of her husband. But the third is not so easily got over; this is what indeed renders the use of *Indian* tea above all other pernicious. None, I believe, who drink it constantly twice a day, but have experienced the ill effects it has on the constitution. They feel a sinking of the heart, a kind of inward horror, which is no way to be removed but by that dangerous remedy Mr. *Careful* mentions, and which in time proves worse than the disease itself.

In fine, nothing ought to be indulged till it becomes so far habitual that we cannot leave it off without difficulty, when we find it anyway prejudicial or inconvenient.

The snuff-box or smelling-bottle are pretty trinkets in a lady's pocket, and are frequently necessary to supply a pause in the conversation, and on some other occasions. But whatever virtues they are possessed of, they are all lost by a too constant and familiar use, and nothing can be more pernicious to the brain, or render one more ridiculous in company, than to have either of them perpetually in one's hand.

I know a lady who never sits down to dinner without her snuff-box by her plate, and another who cannot sleep without her bottle of *sal volatile* under her pillow. But I shall reserve expatiating on the folly and misfortune of this bigotry of custom till some other time, lest the fair author of the following letter should think herself neglected.

Letter from Bellamonte asking Advice in an Important Matter

To *The Female Spectator*

DEAR Female Sage, I have a vast opinion of your wit, and you may be convinced of it by my asking your advice, a compliment I assure you I never paid to my own mother or to any other soul besides yourself. You must know, that among about half an hundred who make their addresses to me, there are three who flatter themselves with hopes of success; and indeed with some reason, for I have given to each of them all the encouragement could be expected from a woman of honour. But I will give you their characters and the different sentiments they have inspired me with, that you may be the better able to judge which of them I ought to make choice of for a partner for life.

The first is a tall graceful man of an honourable family, has a large estate, and offers me a jointure beyond what my fortune, though it is very considerable, could demand. He is, besides, addicted to no kind of vice, and has the reputation of a more than common understanding. But, with all these good qualities there is somewhat in him that displeases me. He ought, methinks, whenever we are alone together, to entertain me with nothing but his passion; but, instead of that, he often talks to me on subjects which he may easily

perceive are not agreeable to my humour, and are indeed too serious to suit with the years of either of us, he being no more than three and twenty, and I but seventeen. We were, a week ago, to visit a relation of mine whose house has a prospect of the sea, and, happening to look out of one of the windows while we waited for my cousin's coming down, how do you think he diverted me? Why, with some grave reflections on that uncertain element, the unhappy fate of brave admiral *Balchen*, and the loss the navy and the whole nation had of him. As if I had anything to do with the admiral, the navy or the nation. Would it not have better become him, since he must needs talk of the sea, to have compared me to the *Venus* rising out of it, or to the charming *Hero*, for whose sake *Leander* swam the *Hellespont*?

I could give you a thousand such odd instances of his behaviour; and though I am convinced that he loves me, because he has rejected several proposals of more advantageous matches in the precarious hopes of obtaining me, yet he is such a strange creature, that he never once told me that he could not live without me, or swore, that if he could not have me, he would have nobody. But I have said enough about him, and will now go on to the second.

He is what you call a lover indeed. He follows me wherever I go; my shadow or the dial to the sun is not more constant. Then he is sure to approve of all I say and do; and I frequently both act and speak what my own reason tells me is absurd, merely to try how he will relish it. But the poor creature seems to have no will but mine, and on my conscience, I believe, were I to

bid him cut off his right hand, he would not hesitate to obey me. When I but smile upon him, he is all ecstasy; and if I frown, his countenance becomes so meagre, you would think he had been sick a week. I have been two or three times about to give him his final answer, but was obliged to retract my words to prevent his running himself through the body. In short, the passion the man has for me makes him quite silly, and the greatest objection I have against marrying him, is, that his excessive fondness would render us the jest of our acquaintance. As to the rest, he has a very good estate, a person agreeable enough, a fine gilt berlin, and the most beautiful string of horses except his majesty's, that ever I saw in my life.

The third is gay, witty, genteel, handsome as an angel and dresses to a charm. He is intimate with all the great world, knows all their intrigues, and relates them in the most agreeable manner. Then he has a delightful voice, a tolerable skill in music, and has all the new tunes the moment they come from the composer. In fine, there is no one perfection we women admire in the sex that he does not possess in an infinite degree. We never are in the mall, at the play, opera, assembly or any public place, but all eyes are fixed upon him, then turned on me with a kind of malicious leer for engrossing so pretty a fellow to myself. Such a lover, you will own, might be flattering enough to the vanity of any woman; and I cannot say but it highly diverts and pleases me to observe the little artifices some, even among my own acquaintance, put in practice in hopes of gaining him from me.

But yet, in spite of all these engaging qualities in

him, in spite of the gratification it gives my pride to see myself triumphant over all who wish to be my rivals, my reason tells me he deserves less of my affection than either of those I have been describing, not only because his estate is less, but because he seems to make too great a merit of preferring me to the rest of my sex. He is always telling me of the great offers daily made to him, of the invitations given him by one celebrated beauty, and the kind glances he receives from another. Though he always closes these speeches with vowing it is not in the power of anything to come in competition with me, yet he seems, on the whole, to take more pains to convince me how much he is beloved, than how much he loves; and this makes me conclude him to be what the world calls *a man too full of himself*.

This is as exact a picture as I can give you of my three lovers, and I do not doubt but what you are impatient to know which of them my heart is most inclined to favour. I will tell you, then, with the utmost sincerity, that they have all their places, and I am, as it were, divided among them. The first has my esteem, the second my pity, and the third my love. But yet I have not so much esteem for the first, as should occasion me to despise either of the others I should make choice of; not so much pity for the second as to engage me to allow any favour prejudicial to whoever should be my husband; nor so much love for the last, as not to be able to withdraw it, if once I bestow my person on a different object.

As I am entirely at my own disposal, I would fain make such a choice as should be approved of by the world, and afford the greatest prospect of happiness

to myself. You being a person who can be no way prejudiced in favour of any pretenders to me, are best capable of advising me in so important an affair; and I flatter myself will take the trouble of giving me such reasons for whatever part you take, as will determine me to be wholly guided by your opinion, and enable me to put an end to the long suspense the above-mentioned gentlemen have languished in, as well as the fluctuating condition of my own mind.

A speedy and cordial compliance with this request, will lay under the greatest obligation her who is

dear creature,
your constant reader,
and humble servant
Bellamonte.

Pall Mall, November 7, 1745.

There is no stage or rank in life that is not attended by some portion of disquiet of one kind or other; and I do not doubt but this young lady feels less in the uncertainty which of her lovers it will best become her to make a choice of, than the most passionate of them does in the fears of being rejected. However, if she is really as ready to take advice as *The Female Spectator* is to give it, the best in our power shall be done to set her right.

It must be confessed she is no less just than discerning, in dividing the present affections of her soul. The first of her admirers demands all the esteem she can bestow. The second, if sincere, is indeed a pity moving character. And the fine person and accomplishments of the third, if really such as she imagines them to be, may

claim some share of inclination. I dare say *Bellamonte* expects I would decree for her first lover. If her extreme youth will permit her to think with that seriousness the matter requires, I am sure she has a sufficient fund of good sense to know that things are not always what they seem. A very little observation will serve to inform her that the most dying lover is frequently far removed from the most affectionate husband; and also, that a man who values himself upon his personal excellencies has often been too careless of his mental part to be convinced within himself that admiration ought only to be the reward of acquired virtues, not of such casual perfections as a handsome face, well turned limbs, or an agreeable voice, which a thousand accidents may deprive him of and consequently convert the love he so much plumes himself upon into an adequate contempt.

If her first mentioned lover does not on every occasion fall into despair, and threaten to lay violent hands on his own life, as the second does, it shows he has less of the froth of love, but does not denote he is not more full of the permanent and valuable part; on the contrary, his passion evaporates not in words, the spirit remains entire within his breast, and it is scarce to be doubted will last as long as life.

But because she seems to have an equal share of good nature as of wit, I would have her be under no apprehensions that anything fatal will ensue on her refusing the second lover; the deaths threatened by a man of his cast, are as fictitious as the darts and flame of his pretended diety. We often see those of them who prosecute their aim with the greatest vigour, bear a disappointment with the most indifference. Much less will I have

her imagine that in preferring him to the others, she would be certain of retaining the same power over his will and actions after marriage as he now flatters her with. Many women have been deceived by this shew of obsequiousness in those who have afterwards become their tyrants, not remembering what the poet says,

The humble lover, when he lowest lies,
But kneels to conquer, and but falls to rise.

But as mere pity and compassion is all our *Bellamonte* bestows on this whining *Strephon*, I am under no great concern for her on his account; he may whistle out his lamentations to the fields and groves, or what is every whit as likely, if not much more so, carry them to the feet of some less obdurate fair, without her breaking her peace for his relief. I wish I could say the handsome, talking, rattling, singing gentleman had no more danger in him. The heart is a busy, fluttering, impudent thing. It will not lie still when one bids it, nor are its dictates to be silenced by reason, or guided by the head; and if the *beau* by his dress, address, or any other charm has got an entrance there, I am very much afraid poor *esteem* will come off a loser, in spite of all can be urged by *The Female Spectator*.

I therefore sincerely wish it may be as she says; that the inclination she confesses for him may not have been so firmly established, but that she may be able easily to withdraw it; for to deal freely with her, there is no one part of his character that seems to promise her any lasting happiness.

However, the better to enable her to gain this conquest over herself, I will give her some small sketches

of those scenes which I may venture to affirm there is more than a probability she must make an actor in, after prevailed upon to enter into a marriage with this modern *Narcissus*.

A week or ten days passed over, for no more will I allow to the *douceurs* of such a union, the bridegroom rises, says goodmorrow, madam, perhaps bestows a faint kiss, repairs to his dressing room, passes the whole morning at his toilet, then throws himself into his chariot, goes to the mall, imagines every fine woman regrets his being married, and puts on all her charms to supplant his bride in his affection. Returns home about three, walks backward and forward in the room, humming over some dull tune, and viewing himself in the glass every turn he takes. *Bellamonte* looks on him all the while with wishing eyes, says a thousand tender things; he still sings on, makes no answer. Dinner is served up, she offers to help him, he coldly thanks her; and though she begins ever so many subjects for conversation, he enters into none, nor interrupts his meal with anything farther than an *aye*, *madam*, or a *no*, *madam*. If by chance he says a civil thing, the sound discovers it to be forced from him rather by the laws of good breeding than those of love, and he looks another way all the time he speaks. She has too much penetration not to discover the change. She weeps in secret, and her inward griefs at length break forth in gentle reproaches. This he thinks unreasonable, and replies to with as much peevishness as he dare, for fear of distorting the muscles of his face; but she is sure to meet as often as she seems dissatisfied with his behaviour, this or the like rebuff: *Gad*, *madam*, *you are the*

most ungrateful woman in the world. You ought to be highly contented that I made you my wife, in prejudice to so many fine young creatures, who, it is well known, were dying for me.

This is all her resentment will be able to effect; and if she endeavours to work by fondness on his indifference, tells him she is never happy but in his company,

and begs him to take a little tour with her among their relations and friends, or to pass an evening with her at some public place or other she may happen to think on, he will be ready to cry,—*Laird, madam, how silly you are! Don't you know that the most ridiculous spectacle in nature is a man in company with his wife?*

If *Bellamonte* can submit to this treatment let her indulge her inclination; but I am apt to imagine what I have said will make her turn her eyes into the world, where she will find a sufficient number of instances to prove this truth, that a man who admires himself, can never sincerely admire anything beside.

I would also beg her to reflect, that marriage is a kind of precipice, which, when once leaped, there is no possibility of returning. Wary ought the person who stands upon it to be, lest instead of a delightful valley enamoured with flowers, blooming with perpetual sweets, she plunges not into one where thorns and briars are only shadowed over with a few gaudy tulips and tall sunflowers that yield no savour and fade upon the touch.

But to quit allegory, the gentleman first described appears to me to have in him all the qualifications that can make a woman of merit, such as I believe *Bellamonte* to be, truly happy in a husband; and is so far from coming into any degree of competition with his two rivals, that in balancing between them she has been guilty of an injustice to him, which she can no way repair but by giving herself speedily to him, and thereby putting a final period to the hopes and pretentions of every other suitor. I dare almost answer for him, that when the esteem she now feels for him shall be converted into a more warm and tender passion, she will have no occasion to lament the want of an adequate return. Honour, good sense, gratitude and duty will serve as oil to feed the flame of conjugal affection, and the hymeneal torch burn with its first brightness to the end of life.

A person who loves to be always in company, and who will accept of any sort rather than be alone, is accounted a good natured, harmless creature; and though it is impossible they can be magnified for any extraordinary virtues or qualifications, what they lose in *respect* is for

the most part made up with *love*. They have rarely any enemies, and the reason is plain, they are generally merry, never contradict whatever is said or done, nor refuse anything that is asked of them. People of a middling understanding like their conversation; the most weak are in no awe of them; and the wisest will sometimes suffer themselves to be diverted by them. In fine, everybody is easy with them, and how easy they are to themselves in all events there are innumerable instances.

The Adventures of Belinda

BELINDA is descended of a good family among the gentry, is agreeable without being a beauty, and has somewhat of a sparkle in her conversation, which with many people passes for wit; for as she never gives herself the trouble to think what she is about to say, but speaks all that comes into her head, some very smart things frequently fall from her, which being reported afterwards in other companies, serve in this undistinguishing age, to establish her character. She came very early into the great world, and her youth and a new face were sufficient to make her be taken notice of by *Rinaldo*, as his quality was to make her pleased and vain of his address; but that great person looks upon it as derogatory to his dignity to attach himself to any particular mistress, so that the amour between them continued no longer than just to say there had been one.

Some women would have been inconsolable to find themselves no sooner gained than abandoned; their *pride*, if not their *love*, would have made them regret the loss of so illustrious admirer. But *Belinda* was just the same laughing, rallying, romping creature as before; she seemed no more affected by this change than she had been at the reproofs given to her by her friends on the first rumour of her intimacy with *Rinaldo*; and *Lavallie*, a man of no less gallantry and inconstancy succeeded to her affection, if that kind of liking which serves only to amuse an idle hour, is worthy to be called so.

Equally gay, inconsiderate and regardless of the censure of the world, this intrigue was managed with so little circumspection, that it soon reached the ears of *Manella*, the wife of *Lavallie*, a lady infinitely fond of her husband and so tenacious of the rights of love, that even a tender glance to any other woman seemed the most unpardonable injury to her. But though she had been enough accustomed to vexations of that kind, to have inured a person less vehement in her passions to have borne them with more patience, and the little advantage she gained over him, by publishing all the discoveries she made of his amours, it might have made her see that it would have been greater prudence in her to be silent; yet the greatness of her spirit would not suffer her to sit tamely down under the least indignity offered to her love or beauty. She reproached him on the score of *Belinda* with a bitterness, which perhaps to revenge, he persisted with his intrigue with that lady much longer than his inclinations, without having been thus provoked, would have prompted him to; and the

rage she was in served (being reported to *Belinda*) to make that thoughtless creature triumph in the power of her own charms, and instead of giving her the least share of shame or remorse afforded her matter of merriment and ridicule.

Manella finding all she could say to her husband was far from working the effect she desired, was resolved to fly to any extremities to break off the intercourse between him and this hated rival. She knew very well that *Rinaldo* had once a liking to that young lady, and though he seemed at present entirely divested of his former inclinations, yet she imagined it might pique him to be told that one he had honoured with his address should condescend to receive those of a person so much his inferior; and therefore flattered herself that he would not fail to lay his commands on *Lavellie* to desist his visits to her, especially when he had so plausible pretence for it as the complaints of a wife.

She therefore threw herself at his feet, informed him of everything she had heard, and with a shower of tears beseeched him to exert the authority he had over her perfidious husband, to oblige him to return to his first vows, and not entirely break the heart of the woman who had married him more for love than interest, and had never swerved even in thought from the duties of her place.

The noble *Rinaldo* easily saw into the thing, but would not seem to do so; and would fain have persuaded *Manella* there was no foundation for her suspicions, but she was not to be so easily put off. She renewed her entreaties, she repeated the reasons which convinced her of the injustice done her, and became so importu-

nate that he at last promised to speak with *Lavellie* to be at least more circumspect in his behaviour.

Whether this great person thought any farther on it is uncertain, but chance and the inadvertency of the parties concerned gave the jealous *Manella* a sufficient opportunity to vent all her enraged soul was full on the persons who had wronged her.

She happened one day to go to a milliner, where she was accustomed to buy some trifles belonging to her dress, and finding the mistress of the house not in the shop, ran directly upstairs, where was kept a kind of lace chamber. Though she had often been there before, and was perfectly acquainted with the room, by accident she pushed open the door of another, which being but just thrown to without being locked, easily gave her admittance and afforded a prospect she little expected: her husband and *Belinda* in a situation such as might have assured her of their guilt, had she not been so before.

Astonishment at finding them in that place for some moments kept her silent as shame and vexation to be thus caught did them; but the milliner who hearing she was come upstairs and fearing the consequence, came running into the room and was beginning to make some awkward excuses such as crying to *Lavallie* and *Belinda*, *good heaven how came you here! and you, madam*, to *Manella; Bless me! sure you have all mistaken the apartment! Nobody ever comes into this room but for— But for private purposes, infamous woman!* cried *Manella*, in a voice quite hoarse with passion, which rose with so much vehemence in her throat as to render what she said scarce intelligible; then flew at her, at *Belinda* and

her husband, railing, shrieking, scratching, and throwing promiscuously the patch, powder-boxes and everything that stood upon the toilet; till *Lavallie* recovered from the confusion which the surprise of her first entrance had thrown him in, ran to her, held her hands, and told her if she did not behave with more moderation, he would oblige her to it by worse usage.

This menace only served to give fresh addition to her fury, and that increasing her strength, she broke from him, and flying to the window where she perceived he had laid his sword, instantly drew it and made at *Belinda* with such precipitation that it was as much as *Lavallie* could do to save his mistress from feeling a fatal effect of her desperation.

By superior force, however, he disarmed this enraged amazon, though not without cutting his own hands in the struggle. All this time there was such a mingle of sound, of curses, shrieks, cries of murder and stamping on the floor, as must be very alarming to those who heard it.

As this milliner got infinitely more by her *private customers* than by her publick, and kept a house chiefly for the meeting of persons of condition, *Rinaldo*, who at the time had a new flame, and was come to gratify it with the beloved subject, heard this disturbance from an adjacent chamber; and wholly unable to guess the occasion, ran with his sword in his hand to inform himself of the truth where the noise directed.

He came into the room just as *Lavallie* had wrenched from his wife's hand that weapon of destruction, and seeing who was there, was no longer at a loss to know what had happened. His presence, however, obliged

everyone to more moderation, and *Belinda* took this opportunity of running away, which before she could not do, the furious *Manella* being between her and the door. The milliner now began to account for this accident in a more plausible manner than she had done before. She said that *Belinda* being taken with a sudden faintness, she had desired to lie down on her bed in

order to recover herself, and that she being afterwards busy with customers had not seen *Lavallie* enter, but imagined that being but little acquainted with the house, he had gone into that room by mistake.

Lavallie took the hint she had given and protested that being directed up to the lace chamber, he had opened this door as being the first he came to, and seeing a lady lie on the bed, he had the curiosity to approach in order to see if he knew her, and to rally her for trusting herself in that posture in an unlocked chamber. As I drew near, continued he, I found it

was *Belinda*, and also by some groans that she was indisposed. Good manners, as well as good nature, obliged me to enquire how she did, and as I was stooping towards the bed, that she might hear what I had to say with the more ease, *Manella* came into the room with a rage little becoming her *character, and loaded that innocent lady and myself with the most opprobrious reflections malice could invent.*

All the time he was speaking, *Manella* shook her head and bit her lips till they even bled, with inward vexation, but the presence of *Rinaldo* forbidding her to continue her reproaches in the same manner she had done before his entrance, she only said that heaven who knew how greatly she was injured would one time or other defend her cause.

Belinda met with the most severe reproofs from all her friends for her ill conduct, yet so insensible was this unthinking lady, either of shame or the prejudice it might be to her interest to forfeit the love and esteem of her family, that, though she heard their admonitions with her sensual ears, those of her mind seemed wholly deaf; nor could all that was said to her make the least alteration in her deportment or prevail on her to give herself one moment's reflection. Thus with the same unmoved, unshaken indolence she had ever behaved, did she go on laughing, singing, dancing, coquetting among the gay world. The truth is whatever was reported of her so little concerned her that her carelessness blunted the edge of scandal.

Caution Necessary in Parents

Nature in all ages is abhorrent of restraint, but in youth especially, as more headstrong and impetuous, it will hazard everything to break through laws it had no hand in making. It therefore betrays a great want of policy, as well as an unjust austerity, to seclude a young lady and shut her up from all intercourse with men, for fear she should find one among them who might happen to please her too well.—Chance may in a moment destroy all that the utmost care can do; and I say a woman is in far less danger of losing her heart, when every day surrounded with a variety of gay objects, than when, by some accident, she falls into the conversation of a single one. A girl, who is continually hearing fine things said to her, regards them but as words of course; they may be flattering to her vanity for the present, but will leave no impression behind them in her mind: but she, who is a stranger to the gallant manner with which polite persons treat our sex, greedily swallows the first civil thing said to her, takes what perhaps is meant as a mere compliment, for a declaration of love, and replies to it in terms which either expose her to the designs of him who speaks, if he happens to have any in reality, or if he has not, to his ridicule in all company where he comes into.

Country Ladies Easily Seduced

For this reason, the country bred ladies, who are never suffered to come to town, for fear their faces should be spoilt by the smallpox, or their reputations ruined by

the beaux, become an easier prey to the artifices of mankind than those who have had an education more at large. As they rarely stir beyond their father's pales, except to church, the parson, if he be a forward man, and has courage to throw a love-song, or copy of verses to *Miss* over the wall, or flip it into her hand in a visit to the family, has a rare opportunity of making his fortune;—and it is well when it happens no worse; many a squire's daughter has clambered over hedge and stile, to give a rampant jump into the arms of a young jolly haymaker or ploughman.

Seomanthe, Her Story

SEOMANTHE, to her misfortune, was brought up under the tuition of her aunt *Negratia*, a woman extremely sour by nature, but rendered yet more so by age and infirmity; passed all the joys of life herself, she looked with a malicious eye on everyone who partook of them: censured the most innocent diversions in the severest manner, and the least complaisance between persons of different sexes was, with her, scandalous to the last degree.—Her character was so well known, that none but prudes, whose deformity was an antidote to desire, —worn out, superannuated rakes, who had outlived all sense of pleasure,—and canting zealots, whose bread depended on their hypocrisy, frequented her house. To this sort of company was the young, beautiful and naturally gay *Seomanthe* condemned:—she heard

nothing but railing against that way of life she knew was enjoyed by others of equal rank and fortune with herself, and which she had too much good sense to look on as criminal. She thought people might be perfectly innocent, yet indulge themselves in sometimes going to a play or opera: nor could be brought to believe the court such a bugbear as she was told it was. A laced coat and a tupee wig had double charms for her, as they were every day so much preached against; and she never saw a coach pass, wherein were gentlemen and ladies, but she wished to be among them, or a well dressed beau, with whom she did not languish to be acquainted.

At length her desires were fulfilled. Close as she was kept, the report that *Negratia* had a young lady in her house, who was mistress of a large fortune on the day of marriage, reached the ears of one of those harpies who purchase to themselves a wretched sustenance, by decoying the unwary to everlasting ruin. This creature, who had been employed by one so far a gentleman as to be bred to no business, and whose whole estate was laid out on his back, in hopes of appearing charming in the eyes of some money'd woman, too truly guessed she had found in *Seomanthe* what she sought. She came to the house under the pretence of offering some lace, holland and fine tea extraordinary cheap: *Negratia* being what is called a good housewife, and a great lover of bargains, readily admitted her; and while she was examining some of the goods at a small distance off, the artful woman put a letter into *Seomanthe's* hand, telling her it came from the finest gentleman in the world, who she was sure would die if she did not

favour him with an answer. The young lady took it, blushed, and put it in her bosom, but had not time to make any reply to the woman, *Negratia* that instant coming towards them. As nobody understood her business better, she managed it so that she was ordered to come again the next day, when she said she should have greater variety to show their ladyships. While she was packing up her bundles, she winked on *Seomanthe*, and at the same time gave her the most beseeching look; the meaning of which, young and inexperienced as she was, the destined victim but too well comprehended.

She ran immediately to her chamber, shut herself in, and broke open her billet, which she found stuffed with flames, darts, wounds, love and death. Expressions, which would have excited only the laughter of a woman who knew the world, but drew tears into the eyes of the innocent *Seomanthe*. She imagined he had seen her either at church, or looking out of the window, for she was permitted to show herself in no other place. She looked on herself as too much obliged by the passion he had for her, not to write an answer full of complaisance, and very dexterously gave it to the woman on her coming the next day.

On the ensuing Sunday she saw a strange gentleman sitting next to her: by the glances he stole at her, she fancied him the person who had declared himself her lover, and was convinced her conjecture had not deceived her when, being kneeled down at her devotions, he found means, while everyone had their fans before their faces, to drop a letter on the bench she leaned upon. She was not so much taken up with the business

she was employed about as not to see it immediately, and throwing her handkerchief over it, clapped it into her pocket.

Both thought they had reason to be highly satisfied, but poor *Seomanthe* was up to the head and ears in love. The person of the man was agreeable enough, and com-

pared to those *Negratia* had suffered her to converse with angelic. She thought every moment an age till she got home to read this second billet.

By the help of his adviser, he carried on a correspondence with her, which ended in her consenting to quit *Negratia* for ever, and put herself under his protection: in fine, she packed up all her cloathes and jewels, threw the former from the window to the woman, who stood ready to receive them on an appointed night, and having put the other into her pocket, exchanged one scene of hypocrisy for another, and flew from a life irksome for the present, to enter into one of lasting misery.

Early in the morning they were married, and it is

possible passed some days in the usual transports of a bridal state; but when their place of abode was discovered by the friends and kindred of *Seomanthe*, who, distracted at her elopement, had searched the whole town, in how wretched a manner was she found! The villain had drawn her whole fortune out of the bank and robbed her of all her jewels, and the best of her apparel, had shipped everything off, and was himself embarked she knew not to what place. The people of the house where they lodged, perceiving him gone, seized on the few trifles he had left behind as satisfaction for their rent, and were going to turn the unfortunate *Seomanthe* out of doors.

They took her home with them and comforted her as well as they were able: She still lives with them dependent on their courtesy. No news is yet arrived what course her wicked husband took, but it is supposed he is retired either to *France* or to *Holland*, being almost as much in debt here as all he wronged *Seomanthe* of would discharge; so that there is little probability of his ever returning.

A Letter from Mrs. Sarah Oldfashion Concerning Miss Biddy, Her Daughter

To *The Female Spectator*

ADAM, I am far from being of that austere nature some are who make no allowances for the difference of age, and deny to those under their tuition the innocent recreations, which the early years of life demand. On the contrary, I am for having them partake in a reasonable degree every pleasure this great world affords, but I would not have any of those pleasures become a *business*.

Some of our modern diversion-mongers think it is not enough to be every day contriving new entertainments for our evening's amusement; the morning, too, must be taken up in them. There is not so great a space of time between me and youth, but I can very well remember that after having paid my devotions to heaven, washed, dressed and eat my breakfast, the remaining hours till noon were chiefly taken up with those who instructed me in working, dancing, music, writing and those other necessary accomplishments of my sex; and thought that if I was allowed to take a little walk in St. James's Park, or in our own garden, in order to get a stomach to my dinner, it was as much relaxation as I ought to expect.

I chained up my only daughter in the same manner I had been bred up myself, and had no reason to suspect

she was dissatisfied till she arrived at her fourteenth year; at which time *Ranelagh* unhappily gave notice there would be public breakfasting every morning. I immediately discovered a remissness in all her former studies; and at length a total aversion to them. The *French* mistress is now a troublesome companion, the needle a most odious implement; the spinet is untuned, the music books are thrown aside. Nothing seems worthy her regard but how to appear in the genteelest deshabille at *Ranelagh*. Every morning my house is crowded with young ladies to call Miss Biddy to go with them to breakfast at *Ranelagh;* nothing is talked of at their return but what was said and done at Ranelagh, and in what dresses they shall repair at night again to that charming place; so that the whole day is entirely taken up with it.

Tell me, dear Spectator, is it consistent with the character of a woman of prudence to suffer a young creature, over whom heaven and nature have given me the sole authority, to conduct herself in this fashion? A public reproof from you may perhaps be more effectual than all the private admonitions of their friends which they are apt to look upon as words of course. Your advice will certainly sink into the soul of everyone not wholly lost to the sense of her own good, and complete the wishes of a great number of your readers, as well as of

Your real admirer,
And her most humble servant,
SARAH OLDFASHION.

Hanover Square,
August 2, 1744.

P.S. If the hopes I have in the *Spectator* shall fail me, I am resolved to send *Biddy* to a relation I have in *Cornwall*, whose nearest neighbour is twelve miles distant; and whence, if she continues her rambling humour, huge craggy rocks on the one side, and no less dreadful mines on the other, will be her only prospect.

A MIRROR FOR TRUE BEAUTY

most humbly presented to those who on due examination of themselves think proper to look into it, by their most humble servant,

And sincere admirer,

PHILOCLETES

Approach, ye charming few! Ye happy select! whose interior beauty shines through your outward form, adding new graces to what nature gave; approach and see your lovely portraitures faithfully displayed. Behold perfections in yourselves which are not in the power of the painter's art to copy, nor the most passionate and eloquent of your lovers to describe.

And first ye spotless virgins! who having never known a married state, are equally ignorant of all tumultuous desires, all impatience for entering into it. You, who consider the difference of sexes no farther than to take care to behave in such a manner as not to encourage any presumption in the one or provoke the malice of the other. You who despise the gay fopperies of the times, and find it sufficient to appear once at each place of present resort, to be able to shun them all for ever after. You who never knew a thought which

to avow would call a blush into your cheeks. You who free from pride, affectation, vanity or ill nature, divide your hours between acts of duty and innocent recreation, fearless draw near and behold the angelic sweetness that dwells on every feature. See how the unblemished mind shines through the eyes, diffusing cheerfulness to all around, and making a kind of heaven wherever you come.

Next in *true beauty*, ye chaste wives draw near! You whose pure hearts never entertained one wandering wish. You whose inclinations in all respects in life have still gone hand in hand, if not prevented the will of him on whom heaven has bestowed you. You to whom all mankind, besides him you have sworn to love, are but so many pictures. You whose economy and prudential care enables you to appear so as to make your fortune seem double to what it is, yet whose hospitality renders all easy who come near you. You who know how to repay the endearments of the most tender husband with the most ample interest; and you in whom the greatest provocations of an ill and cruel one, cannot excite even the most distant thought of injuring his interest, honour or reputation. You who, either by your wisdom and reserved behaviour have avoided everything that can be called temptation; or by your firm adherence to virtue have known how to testify a decent abhorrence of them, in all circumstances and in all events. Ye, glorious patterns of connubial fidelity, may approach and view the awful dignity that sits enthroned upon your brows and sheds a lustre over all your persons, at once commanding love from all good men, and admiration even from the worst.

Last but not least in fame, ye venerable tribe of widowed matrons! You who have passed with honour your first two stages of life, and support the third with a becoming fortitude and patience, behold in me your grateful aspects. You over whose unvariable affection, death has no power. You who in whose faithful hearts your husband still survives. You who continue wedded

to the memory of your first love, and fly all second offers though accompanied with titles, wealth and every gilded prospect so enchanting to the less constant of your sex.

You, whose happy offspring feel not a father's loss in the rich blessings of maternal care and doubled tenderness. You, whose example and whose sage advice preserves the innocent and reclaims the guilty. You, whose *candid praises* give new strength to *virtue*, and whose *mild reproofs* make *vice* abhorrent of itself. You who know how to temper gravity with cheerfulness, to dress all, even the strictest *duties* of a *woman* and a *christian*, in the garb of *pleasure*. You, who answer the character the wisest of men gives of a virtuous woman, *that her own work shall praise her in the gates*, that pride will not only be yours, but you will see

yourself in this mirror, and be seen by others through it with charms that will well compensate for those which either you have been denied by nature or which time may have deprived you of.

These are the true beauties which alone can see themselves with any pleasure; as for those who have forsaken wisdom and followed folly, who have devoted themselves to midnight masquerades, immoderate gaming, forgot the duties of their sex and place, they must not be angry with the mirror if it presents them with deformities they little expect. Let them, therefore, fly hence.